TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Seventeenth Annual Reunion.

Portland, Oregon, June 18th,

1889.

THE HIMES PRINTING COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR 1889,

Containing the

Annual Address, by Hon. Orange Jacobs,

AND

The Occasional Address, by Hon. James K. Kelly,

WITH

Biographical Sketches, and other Matters of Historic Interest.

PORTLAND, OREGON:
HIMES PRINTING COMPANY, 169-171 SECOND ST.,
1890.

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MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PORTLAND, OREGON,)
Thursday, October 20, 1888. (

Pursuant to a call by President Joseph Watt, of Yamhill county, the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the bank parlors of Messrs. Ladd & Tilton at 1 o'clock P. M.

There were present—

Joseph Watt of Amity, Yamhill county, President;

W. S. Ladd, Portland, Multnomah county, Vice-President;

John M. Bacon, Oregon City, Clackamas county, Treasurer;

George H. Himes, Portland, Multnomah county, Secretary;

F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville, Marion county, Wm. Elliot, of Clackamas county, and Wm. Savage of Polk county, Directors.

The accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, examined, approved and filed.

The merits of several places for holding the reunion for 1889 were discussed, but, after due consideration, owing to the generous treatment accorded to the Association by the citizens of Portland for the last two years, it was unanimously voted that the sixteenth reunion should be held in this city, Tuesday, June 18th, 1889.

Hon. Thomas H. Brents, of Walla Walla, Washington Territory, was chosen to deliver the annual address, Hon.

George L. Woods, the occasional address, Rev. Jesse Moreland, Chaplain, and Al. Zieber,Grand Marshal.

By resolution, Hon. Robert A. Miller, of Jacksonville, was invited to read a poem suitable to the occasion.

Gen. Wm. Kapus, Col. John McCraken, Charles W. Knowles, D. P. Thompson, and Wm. M. Ladd were chosen a Committee of Arrangements, with power to act in all matters.

A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Gen. Kapus, Frank Dekum and Col. John McCraken, for their services as Committee of Arrangements, in making the reunion of 1888 a pronounced success.

A similar vote was given to the citizens of Portland, for the cordial welcome given the Association, and to the O. & C. R R., O. R. & N. Co., Oregonian Railway Company (limited), and the P. & W. V. R. R. for reduction of fares.

Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, was selected to present to the State at the meeting of the next legislature, the oil painting of the "good old doctor," Dr. John McLaughlin, on behalf of the Association.

The Secretary was authorized to procure a design for a certificate of membership.

A resolution was unanimously passed recommending to the annual meeting next June that the constitution be so amended as to extend the time for eligibility to membership to 1859, the date when Oregon ceased to be a territory.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

FIRST MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Wednesday, May 15, 1889.

The Executive Committee of Arrangements for the Pioneer reunion for 1889, composed of Gen. William Kapus, Col. John McCraken, William M. Ladd, Gov. D. P. Thompson and Charles W. Knowles, met at the Commercial National Bank, Wednesday evening, May 15, 1889.

General William Kapus, Gov. D. P. Thompson, Charles W. Knowles and George H. Himes, Secretary of the Pioneer Association, were present.

General Kapus was chosen chairman.

George H. Durham was chosen Grand Marshal in lieu of Al. Zeiber, the latter being unable to serve.

Gov. D. P. Thompson was chosen to act as a committee on transportation.

W. L. Boise, R. L. Durham, Frank Paxton, Ed Dekum, Henry McCraken, J. Couch Flanders and Allen Lewis were selected to act as a committee on the grand ball.

General Kapus was authorized to act as commitee to arrange for necessary music.

Charles W. Knowles and Frank Dekum were appointed a Committee on Finance.

A ladies' reception committee was appointed, as follows:

Benton County—

Mrs. John Burnett,
Mrs. B. W. Wilson,
Mrs. G. B. Smith.

Clackamas County—
Mrs. J. T. Apperson,
Mrs. Arthur Warner,
Mrs. John M. Bacon,
Mrs. W. W. Buck,
Mrs. F. O. McCown,
Mrs. Josie DeVore Johnson.

Clatsop County—
Mrs. A. C. Kinney,
Mrs. George Flavel,
Mrs. W. W. Parker.

Lane County—
Mrs. M. Wilkins,
Mrs. B. F. Dorris,
Mrs. John H. McClung,
Mrs. B. J. Pengra.

Linn County—
Mrs. Thomas Monteith,
Mrs. L. E. Blain,
Mrs. H. L. Brown.

Marion County—
Mrs. E. M. Waite,
Mrs. I. N. Gilbert,
Mrs. W. H. Odell,
Mrs. George A. Edes,
Mrs. Z. F. Moody.

Multnomah County—
Mrs. Sam. A. Moreland,
Mrs. R. Williams,

Mrs. R. P. Earhart,
Mrs. Frank Dekum,
Mrs. M. H. Holbrook,
Mrs. D. P. Thompson,
Mrs. John McCraken,
Mrs. A. D. Shelby,
Mrs. John R. Foster,
Mrs. L. D. McArthur,
Mrs. Van B. DeLashmutt,
Mrs. J. K. Gill.

Polk County—

Mrs. J. T. Cooper,
Mrs. James Stiles,
Mrs. Thomas J. Riggs,
Mrs. James W. Nesmith,
Mrs. A. W. Lucas,
Mrs. Squire Whitman.

Wasco County—

Mrs. S. L. Brooks,
Mrs. E. M. Wilson,
Mrs. E. P. Roberts,
Mrs. R. Mays,
Mrs. O. S. Savage.

Washington County—

Mrs. Mary R. Walker.
Mrs. W. D. Hare,
Mrs. Almoran Hill,
Mrs. Henry Buxton,

Mrs. S. H. Marsh,
Mrs. A. Hinman,

Yamhill County—

Mrs. John Wortman,
Mrs. William Buffum,
Mrs. Joseph Watt,
Mrs. Joel Palmer,
Mrs. A. R. Burbank,
Mrs. H. Hurley,
Mrs. Fannie Robison.

No further business appearing, the Committee adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

SECOND MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }
Friday, May 24, 1889. }

The Executive Committee of arrangements for the reunion of old pioneers on June 18 held a brief session.

Gen. Kapus, Gov. D. P. Thompson, Frank Dekum, and the Secretary of the Association, were present.

GOV. THOMPSON, as committee on transportation, reported that the usual reduction in fares had been secured, viz., full fare one way and one-fifth on return, over the Southern Pacific system and the O. R. & N. Co.

Gen. Kapus, as committee on place and music, reported that the new Industrial Exposition building had been secured, and the First Regiment Band employed.

Ex-Senator James K. Kelly was chosen to deliver the occasional address in lieu of ex-Governor George L. Woods, who had declined.

An invitation was extended to the Indian-war veterans of Oregon and Washington to join in with the pioneers in all the exercises of Pioneer day.

It was decided to rendezvous at the court-house, and there have the procession arranged in the order of years in which settlers arrived in Oregon, beginning with the oldest, and march down Fourth street to Morrison, then out Morrison street to the Exposition building. The hour of assembling at the court-house will be given hereafter.

The following stirring call was prepared by General Kapus and unanimously adopted by the committee, who

request interior papers to publish the same, so that it may be considered a personal invitation to every pioneer — man or woman — in the State, to be present upon the forthcoming reunion day:

"TO THE PIONEERS OF OREGON.

"Another year has rolled around, and we are once more about to meet at our annual reunion, to renew the friendships formed more than a third of a century ago, and to compare Oregon as we then found it with the Oregon of to-day, which is just beginning to appreciate and take advantage of the boundless resources hitherto hidden within its broad area, but now on the verge of development — all made possible by the efforts of those who first planted the seeds of civilization upon these then distant shores.

"While we rejoice in the glorious prospect, upon the threshhold of which we as a commonwealth are now standing, and realize that our nation is beginning to have some appreciation of the value of the land our pioneer efforts saved to our country, we are profoundly saddened by the unwelcome knowledge that an ever-increasing number of our comrades, in times that were strikingly potent in developing true manhood, are annually passing to their reward beyond. This thought should behoove us to make more of these annual gatherings. With this in view, let us endeavor to make this meeting of the pioneer men and women of Oregon a success in the widest sense of the word. The citizens cordially welcome us and are anxious to give all the material aid necessary, and it is our duty, and ought to be our pleasure, to assist by our presence in bringing about so desirable an end.

"The new Exposition building of the North Pacific Industrial Association has been secured, good music engaged, proper arrangements for reduced fares made with the several transportation companies centering here, and attention will be given in due time to all other essential matters, so that nothing will be needed except your presence to make this occasion all that we can desire. It is, therefore, confidently expected that every pioneer will answer to his or her name when the roll is called on the 18th of next June, without further personal invitation."

The pioneer societies of Linn county, Southern Oregon, Western and Eastern Washington, were invited to be present, or send some one to represent them. Sojourning California pioneers were also invited to participate in the exercises of Pioneer day.

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON, TUESDAY, June 18, 1889.

And now the last good-bye 's said —
Good-bye! the living and the dead,
In those sad words together speak
And all your chosen ways are bleak!
  Forward! The cracking lashes send
A thrill of action down the train,—
  Their brawny necks the oxen bend
With creaking yoke and clanking chain: —
* * * * * * * * *
So pass the days, so fall the nights ;
A banquet of renewed delights: —
* * * * * * * * *
A hundred nights, a hundred days;
Nor folded cloud nor silken haze,
Mellow the sun's midsummer blaze
Along the brown and barren plain
In silence drags the wasted train.

—*Pioneer Poem.*

The seventh annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held in this city to-day. The day was a most delightful one — clear and bright, with a nice, cool, refreshing breeze which made everybody comfortable; in short, it was a typical Oregon summer day.

The members of the Association gathered at the court-house, and at 1 P. M. formed in procession to march to the Exposition building, where the public exercises were to be held.

Mr. Fred R. Strong acted as Grand Marshal, with F. K. Arnold, H. Green, and D. Burnside, as aides. The procession was headed by the First Regiment Band, after which marched Mr. David Crawford, carrying the banner of the Association, and the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans ranged under their proper banners, dating from '39 down to '54, and a large number of ladies and older members of the Association in carriages, the whole forming a procession which extended a distance of about six blocks.

The following is a list of those who marched in the procession:

1824.

Dr. W. C. McKay.

1836.

W. H. Gray. — Donald McKay.

1839.

J. S. Griffin. — George W. Ebberts.
Squire Ebberts. — —— Gray.
S. B. Parrish.

1840.

Mrs. Caroline Looney. — Mrs. J. B. McClane.
Wm. Abernethy. — S. A. Parrish.

1841.

Mrs. C. J. Hood. — Samuel Williams.

1842.

Medorem Crawford. — F. X. Matthieu.
J. R. Robb. — H. Girty.

1843.

J. T. Hembree. — Martin Payne.
J. B. McClane. — John Hobson.
Hiram Straight.

1844.

John Minto. — Thomas Brown.
D. Johnson. — David Crawford.
Mrs. David Crawford. — W. D. Stillwell.

G. L. Roland.
James Johnson.
N. R. Doty.
J. C. Nelson.

Mrs. N. A. Hembree.
Ellis Walker.
J. S. Risley.
H. B. Moore.
John Cogswell.
J. L. Rinearson.
Capt. J. H. McMillen.
D. F. Burch.
J. M. Bacon.

Carlos W. Shane.
R. S. McEwan.
James Winston.
John Clark.
James Keller.

Hugh Cosgrove.
Edward Chambreau.
Mrs. E. Thorp.
Wm. Jolly.
Mrs. H. C. Hald.
Mrs. S. Williams.
J. T. Apperson.
A. E. Wait.
J. Q. A. Young.
L. F. Hall.
M. D. Archambeau.
E. C. Ross.
H. W. Prettyman.
Mrs. R. V. Short,
A. J. Langworthy.

Wm. Roberts.
H. C. Hald.

A. C. Wirt.
Mrs. D. Johnson.
P. O. Snook.
Joseph Watt.

1845.

Mrs. M. E. Carlin.
Sol. Richards.
J. H. Blacker.
A. N. King.
A. F. Catching.
C. O. Hosford.
Prior Scott.
Benton Killin.
J. W. Meldrum.

1846.

Mrs. A. B. Stuart.
Mrs. Jessie M. Blakesley.
W. R. Munkers.
Nancy C. Poppleton.
Wm. Elliott.

1847.

L. H. Poujade.
Mrs. E. E. Girty.
George L. Woods.
Mrs. Amanda Howard.
Mrs. Orra E. Souther.
R. R. Laughlin.
J. Henry Brown.
S. F. Marks.
Luke Taylor.
Mrs. E. Meline.
Christopher Taylor.
Philip Beal.
Mrs. L. E. Walker.
R. V. Short.

1848.

Edwin Merrill.
A. H. Roberts.

Mrs. E. I. Adler.
C. S. Miller.
George P. Dorriss.

A. B. Stuart.
D. E. Pease.
W. M. Powers.

Solomon Beary.
John M. Breck.
J. T. Coo er.
A. P. DeLin.
M. M. Watts.
E. A. Dean.
P. F. Bradford.
W. D. Carter.
L. H. Calkins.
Dr. A. I. Nicklin.
D. Mansfield.
Captain J. M. Gilman.

J. P. O. Lownsdale.
F. M. Arnold.
S. F. Chadwick.
John Gearin.
Elwood Evans.

J. S. Newell.
Mrs. W. T. Barner.
Mrs. W. S. Hallinan.
Russel T. DeLashmutt
F. O. McCown.
Dr. Wilson Bowlby
Thomas Cox.
Cyrus Vaughn.
J. W. Miller.
A. P. Woodward.
George C. Day.
William McCown.
T. A. Wood.

J. D. Biles.
Mrs. H. Wehring.

1849.

P. F. Castleman.
A. J. Moses.
Dr. C. C. Strong.

1850.

Daniel Dunbar.
W. C. Painter.
R. P. Wilmot.
J. C. Carson.
John Kruse.
R. L. Simpson.
J. B. Wyatt.
M. J. Hayden.
William Sherlock.
Thomas Roe.
C. S. Silver.
B. F. Dowell.

1851.

E. E. McClure.
J. W. Olds.
Raleigh Stott.
George L. Story.

1852.

John Mock.
Mrs. Beal.
M. R. Hathaway.
C. H. Adams.
Dr. W. H. Saylor.
J. S. Morgan.
A. W. Rinderson.
A. Cisco.
Gustaf Wilson.
Thomas Tucker.
Mrs. E. Byars,
A. E. Johnson.
Henry Welsing.

Mrs. E. L. Gerone.
Silas Osborn.
Rev. A. J. Joslyn.
J. P. Walker.
J. C. Tolman and wife.
John Parkhill.
L. C. Rice.
W. S. Hotchkiss.
W. T. Barnes.
Robert King.
John Burke.

David P. Thompson.
L. F. Mosher.
Edward Failing,
George H. Himes.
Jacob Brugger.
Frank Ford.
G. W. Taylor.
M. Emerick.
Frank Dekum.
Henry Miller.
Mrs. M. M. Jackson.
Clark Hay.
Wilson Carl.
James F. Failing.

Frank Story.
Robert A. Miller.
George Herrall.
Mrs. W. W. Purdin.
George W. McBride.
W. P. Ireland
Orange Jacobs.
G. P. Gray.
E. Marple.
R. Christian.
D. S. Roland.
Rev. Jesse Moreland.
Van B. DeLashmutt.
Charles Hug.
T. K. Williams.

1853.

John Conner.
Robert Easton.
Gilmore Kelly.
John Epperly.
S. W. McElwood, M. D.
J. W. Souther.
Cass Riggs.
Dr. C. E. Geiger.
J. M. Holston.
E. Poppleton.
T. B. Newman.
H. K. Hines.
Joseph Buchtel.

1854.

L. B. Stearns.
Charles McGinn.
W. W. Purdin.
Frank C. Baker.
W. K. Smith.

THE ROUTE OF MARCH.

The procession marched down Fifth to Alder, up Alder to Twelfth, down Twelfth to B, and out B to the Exposition building, where it halted. The band took its station on the sidewalk, and to its music the procession filed into the building and down into the spacious music hall.

The speakers, and a number of others, took seats on the stage, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens, and palms, ferns, and other exotic plants, in pots, and the various banners of the Association. The old battle-flag of Company D, First Oregon Volunteers, and the stars and stripes, were ranged along the walls.

The band, stationed in the south gallery, discoursed its sweetest strains, while the company were exchanging greetings and seating themselves.

PRAYER AND ADDRESS.

Joseph Watt, President of the Association, then called upon Rev. Jesse Moreland, who opened the meeting with an eloquent and fervent prayer, in which he alluded feelingly to those who had "borne the heat and burden of the day," and asked that they might be examples to coming generations which would cause them to be an honor to their country.

President Watt spoke of the objects of the Association as being, first, social, and second, historical. He said that many pioneers who had done as much as any, were not heard of, and asked all to furnish sketches of themselves and families for publication, so that they should not be forgotten.

The band rendered a selection, when President Watt, after a few appropriate introductory remarks, presented Hon. Orange Jacobs, who delivered the Annual Address. He was followed by Hon. James K. Kelly, who delivered the Occasional Address, both of which appear in the pages following. This closed the exercises for the afternoon.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Art Gallery of the Exposition building at 8:30 P. M., Joseph Watt, President, presiding. An unusually large number of members were present.

The following preamble and resolutions were introduced by Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, and enthusiastically and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The generous conduct of the citizens of Portland in presenting to the Oregon Pioneer Association the oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin, has enabled this Association to place the semblance of that friend and benefactor of the early American settlers, in the Senate Chamber of the capitol as the property of the people of Oregon; and

WHEREAS, The Governor, Senators, and Representatives, of the State, have shown a generous and kindly appreciation of the desire of this Association to have the oil painting of the friend of the earliest home builders on this coast placed in a well-deserved position amongst the portraits of the notable men of this Commonwealth:

Resolved, That we thank the citizens of Portland for their generous gift of the picture of Dr. John McLoughlin to this Association.

Resolved, That we thank the Governor and members of the Legislative Assembly for the manner in which they have enabled this Association to place upon the halls of the capitol of the State, and upon the archives, the likeness of our friend of the early days, as an expression of our gratitude.

Resolved, That we thank the good people of Portland for their hospitable treatment of us as an Association, in providing places of meeting and other conveniences.

Resolved, That we thank those controlling our lines of transportation for the generous treatment we receive from them, and we feel that what we have done to plant the seeds of peace, order, and prosperity, in that fair land, has not been thrown upon barren ground.

At this point the President stated that the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer for the past year having been read and approved by the Board of Directors at its meeting last October, they would be ommitted at this time, especially

since these reports were in print in the Annual Transactions for 1888.

The election of officers was the next business transacted, with the following result: President, Hon. John Minto, of Marion county; Vice-President, Hon. H. W. Corbett, of Multnomah county; Secretary, George H. Himes, (re-elected,) of Multnomah county; Treasurer, John M. Bacon, (re-elected,) of Clackamas county; Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Lyman, of Multnomah county; Directors, F. X. Mathieu, of Marion county; R. P. Earhart, of Multnomah county; Medorem Crawford, of Yamhill county.

The question of extending the limit of membership for admission into the Association up to 1859, in accordance with the resolution offered at the last meeting of the Board of Directors for the consideration of this meeting, was taken up and discussed at length by Hon. J. C. Carson, James Winston, Dr. C. C. Strong, Dr. Geiger, T. C. Shaw, T. A. Wood, F. V. Holman, George H. Himes, and others. The sentiment of the meeting being evidently opposed to extending the limit beyond the present date, yet the discussion taking a wide range, without prospect of coming to a vote within any reasonable time, upon motion of Dr. C. C. Strong, the whole matter was tabled by a large vote.

Notice was given by George H. Himes to the effect that at the next Annual Meeting, he would offer an amendment to the Constitution, providing that the children of pioneers might become members of the Association.

No further business appearing, the Association adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. ORANGE JACOBS, OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

After I had accepted your complimentary invitation to deliver the annual address on this occasion, I was much troubled to know what line of thought and illustration would be most appropriate and interesting.

Your secretary kindly sent me a bound volume and pamphlet containing all of the addresses—annual, and occasional, and biographical—heretofore delivered before your association. I not only esteem this volume and pamphlet very highly as a valuable record of pioneer men and women, and pioneer days, but to use an expression appropriate to the occasion, it showed me the "trails" of the speakers who had gone before.

I noticed, on an attentive perusal of this pioneer record, that most of the speakers who have addressed you heretofore have adopted the narrative, descriptive, and historical style; Judge Williams, however, in an admirable address, discussed the principles of constitutional government upon which all our institutions rest, and the Hon. W. Lair Hill has discussed a few of the topics herein discussed by me. In the main, however, I shall pursue a line radically different from what has been taken heretofore, but, I hope, within the spirit of the occasion.

I shall commence with the present, take you back to the past, and shall attempt to give you my idea of the forces, and especially the men and women whose heroic courage and indomitable will, intelligent labor and loyalty to the principles of liberty regulated by law have produced the present grand results.

WHAT CHANGES HAVE BEEN WROUGHT.

We stand to-day, in this beautiful city, in the presence of a civilization that has embodied in it all the intellectual, moral, religious, educational, and financial, forces of this enlightened age. They are not latent, but active forces. Some of you were here forty years ago. What a wonderful change has been wrought in that forty years! What we behold and enjoy to-day is but the result of the labors, toils, and privations, of the pioneers.

How true it is that human advancement heretofore, at least, has only been secured by human suffering. If we trace back the paths that led to individual liberty, and to liberal and free governments among men, we will find these paths lined with the graves of patriots, and rendered mournful from the still-existing monuments of human suffering. The same is true in a more emphatic sense of religious freedom. Commencing with the fierce conflicts waged for the enjoyment of the simple virtue of tolerance, and thence down the pathway of history to a not very distant period, and we find this pathway lined with the graves of martyrs, and strewn with the charred remains of faggots and the stake.

Equally painful has been the progress of truth among men. Born, it may be, in the brain of a single individual, it works slowly onward amid opposition and persecution until it receives a baptism of blood, and afterward reigns supreme. In fact, free government, liberty of action and conscience, and freedom in its highest and noblest sense, are the accomplished results of labor, privation, and suffering.

The common truth of history finds an exemplification in the labors, privations, and sufferings, of the pioneers, and the grand results which to-day we see all around us.

Have we liberty? it was planted and nourished by them. Have we free churches and free schools? they are but the outgrowth of the labor, foresight, and piety of pioneers. Have we cities, prosperous and wealthy, with a satisfactory present and a bright future? their foundation was laid by pioneer hands. Above all, the broad acres of Oregon and Washington are integral portions of the American Union to-day, through their heroism and patriotism.

CHARACTER OF THE PIONEER.

There is in the character of the pioneer much to excite our admiration and much to challenge the considerate and kindly judgment of after years. His career in America is about ended. The unsettled public domain, the theater of his exploits, his conflicts, his victories and defeats, will soon be no more.

Such being the fact, it becomes us, whose lives were to some extent contemporaneous with his, and whose knowledge of the circumstances by which he was surrounded is in every way accurate, to put on record our estimate of his character for the instruction of coming generations. Character is what a person really is — reputation, what he seems to be to others. The latter is usually a reflex of the former, though not always.

Character is usually a mysterious compound. It consists, first, of those forces, inclinations, tendencies, bents, and impulsions, which come along down the line of hereditary descent; and, secondly, of the moulding and directing forces which spring out of the external environment of the person. The inclination to become a pioneer sprung from the first; his actual character as a pioneer sprung from the second. To judge a man, or a class of men, rightly, we must view them in the light of their surroundings.

We do them a great injustice when we attempt to gauge their character by the lights and standard of after years, and especially when the motives that prompted their acts have passed from view, or, if seen, their force is no longer felt.

This is the utterance of no exceptional principle, but a uniform and universal truth. Forty years ago the pulpits of this land flamed and hissed with sulphurous thunder. This formerly seething and eruptive volcano of brimstone is to-day extinct.

Then, the Christian character was more angular and muscular than it is to-day; but who shall say that the love of God was not as pure, and the love of man as noble, then as now? The manifestations have changed, but the essence remains the same. To judge the acts of the earlier Christians by the present standard, is but to exclude many from the kingdom of heaven. Having said this much, I pass to a more direct consideration of my subject.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

It must be remembered that from the same wild valley, or dark woods, in which ascended the smoke from the humble cabin of the pioneer, there also ascended the smoke from the wigwam and the council fire of the savage. Much has been written of the character of the American Indian, but that character can be truthfully epitomized in one sentence: he had no virtue but bravery; he recognized no vice but cowardice. I use the terms, especially the latter, in a generic sense, as covering a cluster of vices, all having their root in cowardice.

The Indian never chooses an open fight. Ambush was his rule; the poisoned arrow or the deadly bullet came from the cover of a thicket, the shade of a tree, or the protection of a rock. He was ever ready to start up, like a felon wolf, at midnight, in a war of extermination. When he was the most friendly, and his seeming friendship the more demonstrative, there was the greatest danger. Such were the surroundings of the pioneer; he was in constant danger from savage beasts and still more savage men.

A character developed under the influence of such surroundings would have for its chief attribute, watchfulness, decision, fortitude, bravery, and a constantly decreasing confidence in Indian fidelity and virtue. To prevent ambuscade he had no frequented path, no accustomed haunts. He was always on the alert, his rifle ready, his ammunition at hand. When danger confronted him, he acted with prompt and deadly decision: there was a sharp crack of the rifle, and his foeman bit the dust. You say he was cruel: we say he was but obeying the law of self-preservation. His tread was as noiseless as that of a panther whose patrimonial jungle he ofted invaded. His endurance and fortitude were wonderful. Hunger, cold, and privations, had no terrors for him.

In the early period of his pioneering he sowed not, neither did he reap. His keen axe and trusted rifle were his purveyors; the forest, the stream, the lakes, and the ocean shore, were his larders. Bread was a luxury he did not often enjoy. His vigorous health, his active and powerful muscular forces, his capacity for great endurance, as well as his want of all knowledge of all fatigue, show that bread, though convenient, is not a necessary aliment for the development of a full and vigorous manhood.

The pioneer was orthodox in his religious belief. By this I mean he was deeply impressed with the existence of a God, and had a profound reverence for Him. No matter what his practices were, this belief at times filled him with veneration and awe. Downright atheism is an exotic only thriving in the hot-house of civilization. Nature has no voice of cold negation for her children. All her laws, her lessons, her voicings, are positive. As he stood, a lonely spectator in the

SOLITUDE OF THE DARK WOODS,

or listened to the roar of the storm, while the giants of the forests swayed to and fro, impelled by its fury, or heard the booming thunder and saw the lightning's glare, he heard in all this the voice of God, and felt in the solemn surroundings his presence.

As he stood on the beetling crag, or gazed with solemn awe into the sunless canyon, or climbed to the top of the mountain peak and surveyed the field of mountains all around, with the rivers and valleys and lakes beyond — in fact, saw nature in her beauty, grandeur, and sublimity — he was deeply impressed with the ideas of an intelligent first cause. To this conclusion, also, tended all his longings and all of the occult forces of his nature, inspired by silence, by solitude, by the majesty of nature, and by the active and tremendous forces in earth, air, and the starlit firmament beyond.

Superadded to this pure vein of religious belief in the character of the pioneer, I am free to admit that there was in many of them a dash of superstition. To the attentive student of nature and her laws, this is not at all astonishing.

The life of the pioneer was a lonely one. He had no books save possibly the Bible. He had no companionship but nature. He had no pictures but flowers and the variegated scenes of nature, glorified by the god of day or rendered grand and terrible by the fury of the storm god. His mental and moral life tended inward. Fancy and imagination had loose rein. Their pictures, flashed in the mirror of the soul, grew from day to day in distinctness. That on returning to his humble cabin in the gloom of night he should see the images created by imagination, or, as he wandered in the deep solitude of the continuous woods by day, that he should imagine that he heard the mysterious voicings and whisperings, is not at all astonishing.

There were also mysterious occasions in his eventful life that excited his wonder and balked his power of explanation.

While his eye was undimmed and his nerves unshaken, he would miss game of which he was sorely in need while the same was in easy range ; while at other times he sent the bullet with deadly precision on its fated mission while the game was bounding in full flight through the thick forest.

TRUER MEN NEVER LIVED.

Add to this the potential power of solitude, the deepening gloom of the dark woods and the mysterious voices of nature (animate and inanimate), and you can pardon the dash of superstition in the character of the pioneer. Truer men never lived. Braver men never trod the earth. If their vices were marked, their virtues were also. Though their fare was scanty, their hospitality was unbounded. You were welcome to all their larder afforded.

I now propose to notice a characteristic of pioneer life that runs down through the first, second and third classes of the same. I have already adverted to the patent fact that the pioneer was without books and papers. His conversation, if any, consisted of the narration of the exploits and experiences of his own life. It was autobiography spoken, not written. It consisted of dangers met and conquered; of difficulties encountered and successfully overcome; of escapes hairbreadthed and full of danger; of situations, solemn and ludicrous; of want, pressing and imminent; of vigils long, and victories and defeats.

When warmed with generous wine or more fiery decoctions, the pioneer gave chapters of the workings of his inner consciousness, of his loves, his hates,

his expectations, his desires, the passions that have swayed him, and the mysterious forces that had at times unnerved him.

This tendency to personal narration has become, to some extent, traditional, and is a marked characteristic of pioneer or Western society. In the older civilization, conversation is confined to the events and topics of the day as furnished by the telegraph and daily press; it concerns men in the aggregate.

In the younger civilization, conversation runs on the events and experiences of personal life; it concerns man as an individual.

I do not intend to discuss the question as to which is the better of the two; I simply state it. It is from this characteristic that Western men get the reputation of "Drawing a long bow."

They get it in the regular line of descent, and will pass out of it as their individuality is swallowed up in the surging volume of humanity. While what has been said above has general application to all classes of pioneers, it has particular and special application to what is generally known as the hunter class.

After them and often commingling with them, came the home-seekers and home-builders. This latter class was usually distinguished by the presence of the wife and mother, the little ones and all the household gods. I have always been a great admirer of not only the true but of the grand heroism of that wife and mother.

Love for husband and little ones, and the heroic desire to be a helpmeet to her husband in the noble work of home building, were her sustaining inspirations in the lonely solitude and savage surroundings of the wilderness.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

"Peace," says the poet, "has her victories no less renowned than war." When we recount the lonely toil, the patient endurance, the privations and denials of these queens of the lonely log cabins; when we remember the cheerful fortitude with which they endured want and privations, and the unflinching heroism evinced by them in times of danger, and especially now when we contemplate the magnificent result of their endurance, we can truthfully affirm that "Peace has her victories no less renowned than those of war."

It is an impossible task for me, with my limited powers of generalization and description, to present in a few sentences a correct and just synopsis of the character of the home-builder.

He had a fixed and noble purpose to which all things else was subordinate. That purpose was the predominating power of all his efforts and of his life.

In its object was included not himself alone, but those related to and dependent upon him — yea, more: it reached out beyond the domestic circle and took into consideration the influence which should prevail in the future community which should gather around him as a nucleus. His first duty was to remove the obstructions of nature, and to subject her genial forces to the wants and necessities of man.

He was not only laying the foundations of an infant community, but of an empire. His first duty was to provide for natural wants. After that, with the incoming of immigration, educational, moral, religious, and political forces, were to be generated, and these to be shaped in harmony with republican institutions and self-government.

Though beyond the direct operation of the governing power, he was loyal to liberty, to justice, and to right. And let me say that under his rustic administration, the absolute rights of man were as secure — yea, even more so — as they are under the complicated machinery of courts, laws, and lawyers. Such is a brief synopsis of the difficulties encountered, the influences that surrounded, the motives that inspired, and the grand results achieved by the home-builder.

In the disposition and character of these home-builders were the germs of government and empire. Many of their acts are historic. In this last expression I do them an honor, and give to their acts a far-reaching effect and duration that stamp them with the qualities of the immortal.

In the grand volume of human acts and events, how few are historic. It was not so with the acts of the pioneers, or the events of pioneer days. I can safely say that a greater portion of their acts and attending events were fuller of historic significance and consequences than the personal acts and events of to-day or any time preceding their advent.

Their coming to the wilderness "Where rolled the Oregon, and heard no sound save its own dashing," was of itself, aside from its privations and heroism, a grand historic event. It carried with it the annexation of a domain large enough and grand enough for a mighty empire.

In its far-reaching and national consequence it was one of those peaceful victories no less renowned than those achieved by successful war. In later years, territory was annexed along the southwestern line of the republic by the valor of American arms; but a larger and a finer domain was acquired along the northern line, peacefully, by the energy, pluck, and herosim, of pioneers.

The statement of the simple fact, without any of the embellishment of hetoric, and without the amplification of attendant circumstances, carries

with it fullness of meaning, and crowns with imperishable honor, the achievements of the pioneer.

And this historic fact, as time rolls on, and population and wealth increase, and the resources of this vast region are fully known and developed, and the multiplied enginery of a free people and of a free government are in full operation throughout this extended domain, will grow with accumulative force and grandeur to the honor and glory of the pioneer.

THE HOME-BUILDER

had a tendency to and a genius for government. He brought with him as an integral part of his mental and moral constitution, a love for and a belief in what is known at common law as the absolute, and what is known in the patriotic language of this country as the alienable, rights of man.

He had no conceptions of liberty not regulated by law. He sought its realizations only in obedience to law.

Law with him, outside of certain organic and fundamental truths, was but the formal and solemn expression of the will of the majority. With this simple basis of government in mind, he was not long in setting in motion the machinery to ascertain the majority will and securing its formal expression.

This, to him, had the majesty of law, and demanded and secured his obedience. The history of the provisional government of Oregon is a remarkable history. So far as I know, it has no parallel in the annals of the world.

Other governments came into existence in obedience to the mandate of superior power or official authorization, or were forced upon the people by some successful military conqueror or hereditary chieftain.

We in Washington Territory to-day are in a ferment of organic parturition; but it is in obedience to federal authorization.

The provisional government of Oregon sprung from none of these sources of authority. It came from the people, and had for its only foundation their consent. To use the language of the immortal Lincoln, "It was a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Its legislative enactments were recognized as binding on the conscience of the people, and everywhere obeyed. Their interpretation and construction by the tribunals established, always and everywhere had an enlightened regard for the absolute or inalienable rights of man.

With no disrespect for the present complicated machinery of courts and lawyers, I am of the opinion that the simplicity, directness, and promptness, of

pioneer days, could be studied and imitated, not only with benefit to the people, but for the advancement of justice. The judgments and decrees of these tribunals — civil or criminal — sweeping over the whole field of jurisprudence, were cheerfully obeyed or promptly enforced.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT,

fully equipped in all its departments, established justice, promoted the general welfare, and established liberty regulated by law. The provisional government thus organized, in its displacement, necessarily removed all other governments, authority, dominion, and power.

It was the actual taking of possess on as an integral portion of the Federal domain of all the country south, at least, of the 49th parallel of north latitude and the extension over it of the dominion of its laws and officers. Such possession not only touched the power and patriotism of the American people, but it carried with it a persuasive force which was conclusive in subsequent negotiations.

It is true that the pioneers, inspired, possibly, by a nearer and fuller view of the priceless value of the dominion in dispute, and the importance of its acquisition in a material point of view, were for pushing the line northward to 54° 40′; but the Federal Government, more conservative, yielded to the principle of uniformity resulting from extension of an existing line. But the historic fact still remains that the actual possession of the country by settlement, and the extension over it of the laws of the provisional government, was a potential decision of the boundary question.

I have thus briefly sketched the character and achievements of the pioneer. I have c aimed as the result of his labor, the peaceful acquisition of a domain which is now the foundation of a mighty commonwealth. History, I doubt not, will concede the claim.

AN ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR MOORE.

Governor Miles C. Moore, of Washington territory, was then introduced, and in behalf of Mr. H. M. Chase, of Walla Walla, presented a beautiful flag to the Indian War Veterans. He said:

Indian War Veterans of Oregon and Washington:

An old friend of mine and comrade of yours whom you honored yesterday by making him grand commander of your organization, finding it impossible

to attend the encampment this year, has sent you a beautiful flag. He has requested me to present it as a testimonial of his esteem for his old comrades and friends.

No gift more appropriate could have been selected. To a loyal American citizen an American flag is always an inspiration. It stands everywhere for human liberty; it stands for the rights of man; it stands for the power, the dignity, the imperishable glory of his country.

To those who have fought beneath its folds, and followed it in battle, through the fiery billows of civil war, or beating back of savage foes on the far frontier, it is simply sacred.

Your days of warfare are over. It is not probable you will ever again feel "the joy of battle," or see this flag upon the battle's front; but the sight of it will stir within you, memories of the conflict that raged so fiercely along our border a third of a century ago, and bind you closer in the bonds of friendship and affection.

It is due to your struggles, and those of the early pioneers assembled with you here to-day, that the stars and stripes are now floating peacefully over Washington and Oregon.

Whether Dr. Whitman rode to Washington in midwinter and made the representations with which he was accredited, or whether he did not, we will not now debate. No one will dispute the fact that the presence here in Oregon of American pioneers, in whose bosoms burned a love for the old flag, saved the Northwestern territories to the United States.

The pampered children of civilization, arriving here after five days' endurance of the privations of a Pullman palace car, to find homes and fortune in this favored land, have little conception of the perils and sufferings endured by the brave women and lion-hearted men whom they sometimes flippantly allude to as "mossbacks." They should remember it was the "mossback" who "hewed out the paths of the wilderness," beat back the savage foes, and made possible the civilization we all enjoy.

The rising generation has a faint appreciation of your heroic struggles; the historian of the century will, however, record your achievements and render a tardy tribute to your virtues. In the building of the nation you have borne an honored part.

There will be no more pioneers; no more Indian War Veterans. The struggle which began at Plymouth in 1620, between civilization and savagery, has ended here on the shores of the Pacific. Civilization has gone on "trampling down barbarism and rearing States," until there is no new country to

reclaim. Over in Washington we are preparing to get into our Statehood clothes. We are laying the foundation of an empire—an empire in which it is hoped the coming millions will find good government and happy homes; in which it is not unreasonable to expect, by reason of its climatic and other advantages, the human race will attain its highest development; an empire that will continue to flourish in undiminished splendor ages hence. Side by side with her in her triumphal march will be found her great sister to whom she is bound by bonds of common origin, by ties of mutual anxiety and interest.

In behalf of the sister State, Washington, I wish to bear testimony to her appreciation of your distinguished services in her early wars. She will ever hold you all in grateful remembrance.

I now commit this flag to your keeping, and express a hope that you may yet live to see it wave upon many happy returns of this interesting occasion.

The flag was brought to the front of the stage by Mr. P. F. Castleman, who unfurled and waved it amid great applause. It was accepted by Grand Commander of Indian War Veterans Hon. L. F. Mosher, and given in charge of Captain J. H. McMillan, Grand Marshal.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE FLAG.

In accepting the flag, Mr. Mosher spoke as follows

The presentation of a flag to the Association of Indian War Veterans is a matter to be proud of, as a recognition of their services in the days of Oregon's sorest need, and the fact that it is presented by the Governor of the coming State of Washington adds to its value. In the reception of the flag, I can add little to what has been said by Governor Moore. In the darkest days of Indian hostilities, Oregon and Washington were one, and the flag which I have the honor to receive shows that fact by the union of the shields of both jurisdictions. It was true that at that time the men of both sections fought shoulder to shoulder to maintain the supremacy of the whites over the Indian race, and it is a strong intimation that in the future, as in the past, the interests of the two States will be inseparable.

The motto inscribed upon the flag is another high compliment to our Association. Properly translated, it declares that the services of our Association

were given purely from the love of country. That this is true is not by any means an impudent assumption, but one we are willing to leave to the judgment of history.

I can only add that this flag shall be held as a sacred relic, and while we may not be called upon again to defend it, our descendants will certainly do so whenever the interests and honor of our country demand it.

THE FLAG DESCRIBED.

The flag is of blue silk, handsomely trimmed with bullion fringe and tassels attached by blue ribbons to a handsome jointed staff, ornamented with a gilt eagle. On one side of the flag is beautifully painted the seals of Oregon and Washington, surrounded by stars, over which is inscribed, "Grand Encampment Indian War Veterans, N. P. C."; on the other side, the badge of the Veterans, surmounted by the motto, "*Omnium Solium Fortior Patriae.*"

MISS INGERSOLL'S POEM.

Miss Maud Ingersoll was then introduced, and in a clear voice and excellent style read the following poem:

1849—1889.

They came across the sea, the plains,
Into these new fields fair and wild,
With mother's kisses on their lips—
From clinging arms of wife and child—
The pioneers of forty-nine.

No dreamers they; clear-eyed and brave,
Those stalwart sons of worthy sires;
One purpose theirs: to work and win;
To light an empire's altar fires.
They builded well in forty-nine.

Now in fraternal council met,
The pipe of peace once more they take;
Enter each name, oh Heaven, at last,
As one by one their ranks must break:
The veterans of forty-nine.

The young lady was heartily applauded.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JAMES K. KELLY.

Pioneers of Oregon, and Indian War Veterans:

Seven years ago I delivered the annual address to the Pioneers of Oregon. On that occasion I referred to the helpless condition of the early settlers, left as they were by the general government without protection and without laws.

I then endeavored to show the aptitude of the early pioneers for self government, and the results of their experiments in the establishment of the provisional government of Oregon.

A few days ago I was visited by the Committee of Arrangements of the Pioneer Association to deliver the occasional address to-day.

I was asked about the same time to address the Indian-war Veterans, who hold their grand encampment the same day the pioneers hold their annual meeting, and it was finally concluded by the Pioneer Association to invite the Indian War Veterans to join in their parade and other exercises, and at the same time I was asked to address them jointly.

THEY WERE BRAVE AND RESOLUTE.

Wise and apt as pioneers of Oregon were in self-government when left to their own resources, they were no less brave and resolute when threatened by war. They were always for peace with the Indians while peace could be honorably maintained. And so careful had the immigrants been, while crossing the plains, to preserve it, that they would frequently submit to the petty thefts and robberies of the savages, rather than resent them. So much was this the case that they were looked on by the Indians as men lacking courage to defend their rights. This desire to remain at peace while the immigrants were with their families, was misconstrued by the Indians as an indication of timidity and cowardice, and very naturally they had a corresponding contempt for men whom they supposed would not contend for their rights, or resent the wrongs which they suffered.

For several years a missionary station had been established by Dr. Whitman and his wife at Waiilatpu, in the Walla Walla valley, the country of the

Cayuse Indians, where they taught the doctrines of the Christian religion' and the practical knowledge of agriculture as well. Parties of immigrants from the States, too, had for several years been passing through that country to the Willamette valley. The temporary occupation of their country by the missionaries among them and the passage through it by parties of emigrants, began in time to arouse the hatred and jealousy of the Cayuse Indians, then one of the most powerful tribes in eastern Oregon. By concert of action they resolved to strike a blow which would relieve them, as they thought, forever from the hated presence of the white race in the Walla Walla valley.

THE WHITMAN MASSACRE.

On the 29th day of November, 1847, without the slightest intimation or warning, the unsuspecting missionaries, Dr. Whitman and his wife, were slain by their pretended friends, but actually their treacherous foes. Many others, who then happened to be at Waiilatpu, the home of the missionaries, being altogether defenseless and helpless, shared their fate, while helpless women and girls were reserved by their captors for a more cruel and unhappy fate than death itself. Young boys were killed for no other reason than that they had blood of the white race flowing in their veins.

This dreadful massacre became known in Oregon City, on the 7th day of December, while the Legislature of the provisional government was in session. The whole of the little community was at once aroused, not only on account of the singular atrocity which had been perpetrated by the Cayuse Indians, but because of a sense of their own insecurity in case of a combined attack by all of the Indian tribes east of the Cascade mountains. The next day the facts of the massacre were communicated by the Governor to the Legislature, and that body took immediate action to raise and equip a company of mounted riflemen, to proceed at once to The Dalles to protect the few persons at that place. On the 9th of December, two days after the dreadful news was received, a company of forty-five men was organized, equipped, and mounted, and on its way to The Dalles.

Within a month after their departure, about two hundred and thirty men responded to the call of the Governor, and were organized into four companies. As some of these companies were to leave Oregon City for The Dalles on the 8th of January, a letter was received by Governor Abernethy from Mr. James Douglas, of the Hudson's Bay Co., at Vancouver, announcing the rescue and arrival of the women and children who were taken captive at the time of the massacre. In that letter Mr. Douglas stated a fact which might well have

made the volunteers hesitate to go forward. Among other things, it contained this clause: "The Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Nez Perces, and Yakimas, are said to have entered into an alliance for mutual defense." And yet, confronted with the belief that a combination of all these tribes had been made to resist their approach, Oregon volunteers did not falter or hesitate to go forward to the fight.

A long, weary journey of two hundred and ninety miles was before them. Twice had they to cross the Columbia river — once at or near Vancouver, and again at Wind mountain, above the Cascades. A great portion of the way was over a mountain trail. It was in the middle of the winter, with no forage for their horses except the wild withered grasses of the plains. Poorly clad, with no base of supplies beyond The Dalles, in case they should come to want, either for provisions or munitions of war, they seemed to be in a hapless and almost hopeless condition. Should they meet with reverses in an encounter with their foes, not one of the little band could ever hope to see his home in the valley again; for in case of defeat by the confederate tribes they well knew that no prisoners would be taken save for torture and brutal death. But the long march was made, and the hostile Indians beaten and driven wherever they were encountered on the way, and the volunteers at last encamped among the ashes of what had been Whitman's home.

MILITARY OPERATIONS.

Besides the companies already referred to, five others were raised in Marion and Clackamas counties and forwarded to the scene of hostilities, when the effective force of Colonel Gilliam consisted of about four hundred and fifty men.

It is needless here to detail the military operations of the little army. Suffice it to say that in every encounter with the Cayuses, or their allies, the Palouse Indians, the volunteers were victorious. The Cayuses were driven with their families from their homes, and fled beyond the Snake river, taking refuge among the Nez Perces and Palouses.

There is but little doubt that it was owing to the presence of the Oregon volunteers, that the Nez Perces and Walla Wallas were deterred from joining in a confederacy with the Cayuses to resist the white forces. And it is needless here to speculate on what might have been the results, so far as the settlements in the Willamette valley were concerned, if this alliance between the Indian tribes east of the Cascade mountains had taken place. Suffice it to say that the war waged by the provisional government of Oregon was in every way

creditable to the military forces which that government had sent to the field. It is now forty-one years since that war was waged. Most of the volunteers in it sleep beneath the clods of the valley they defended so well. Some have gone to other lands; some are here, now old and gray Indian War Veterans of the Cayuse War.

ROGUE RIVER WAR.

The next notable Indian disturbance in Oregon which attracts public attention, was in 1853, in the southern part of the territory. This is known in Oregon history as the Rogue river war. Notwithstanding a treaty had been made by Superintendent Dart with the Indians in this section of the territory in 1852, yet it seems that throughout the whole Rogue river valley there was but a brief truce in a chronic state of hostilities between the white settlers and Rogue river Indians.

Sometimes as a retaliation for injuries, or supposed injuries, by a single individual, the whole community would be involved in bloodshed. The culmination of all this was that in the early part of August of that year, a sudden outbreak took place on the part of the Indians, in which many peaceable and unsuspecting settlers were slain. Among the number killed were John R. Harding, a member of the Legislature, and Dr. Rose, both of whom were prominent members of that community. Many houses were burned, and alarm and consternation existed everywhere, and every habitation not destroyed was fortified by its occupants to resist the attack of the Indians around them.

Governor Curry, upon being notified of the outbreak, acted promptly in sending relief to the settlers. About two hundred volunteers were enrolled, in two companies, who acted in concert with a small body of United States troops under Capt. Alden. Some severe fighting took place with Joe and Sam, the hostile chiefs, when the Indians consented to treat for peace with Gen. Lane, who had assumed command of the volunteer forces. After a little more than a month of open hostilities, a treaty was made near the noted Table Rock, on the 8th of September.

During this war more than one hundred whites were either slain in battle or massacred in the usual barbarous manner in which the Indians wreak their vengeance upon the hapless one who may chance to fall into their power, without regard to age or sex.

The last Indian war during pioneer days was one that will remain forever impressed upon the memory of every pioneer who was old enough to remember anything at the time it took place. The sudden and startling shock that

woke the settlers from their dreams of peace, in the whole country extending from the northern boundary of Washington Territory to the southern line of Oregon, can never be forgotten while life shall last.

It is generally believed now that this war had its origin in the treaties made with the Indians by the general government.

Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, and I. I. Stevens, *ex officio* superintendent for Washington Territory, had been appointed commissioners to make treaties with the Indian tribes in eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, where these Indians resided, partly in each Territory. This was in the early part of 1855. No attempt had been made to treat with any of the tribes before that time, except such as had been attempted by Dr. Elijah White, under authority of the Provisional Government. Notice had been given by the commissioners to the principal chiefs of the Yakimas, Cayuses, Nez Perces, Walla Wallas, and Palouses, and they all consented to hold a general council in Walla Walla valley. The place of meeting was to be the ancient council ground of these people, about five miles from Waiilatpu. The month of May was selected as the time for holding the council. It took place with grand ceremonials and showy pomp by the assembled tribes, and lasted many days. It was evident from the first that the Indians were discontented, some of them sullen. Many objections were made by the chiefs to selling their land or any part of it, and especially by Kamiakin, the head chief of the Yakimas, and Owhi, his brother-in-law, the chief of the Umatillas. The former declared he never would sign the treaty, and would have nothing to do with it. The Cayuses, embittered by the war under the Provisional Government, were opposed to making any sale of their land, and used all their influence and persuasion with the other tribes to defeat any treaty with the commissioners. This bitter opposition lasted until the 9th day of June; but on the 11th every chief, including Kamiakin, signed the treaty, and then presents of goods were made to them by the commissioners.

That night it was ratified by a scalp dance by all the Indians, in which a large number of their women took part — an inauspicious close to a treaty of amity and peace. Many were the forebodings of evil among thoughtful men, Indians as well as whites, that would result from this treaty, and it seems that their fears were well founded. Discontent soon became manifest among all the tribes whose chiefs had signed the treaty, and became more intensified as time went on. Evil-disposed persons among them urged a rebellion against any attempt on the part of the United States to enforce the treaty. Here was

the long-wished-for opportunity come at last to unite all the Indian tribes in a confederation against the white race, and many were of the opinion that this coalition had its origin and was formed by them at the time the treaty was made. In August, within two months after the treaty was signed, rumors, apparently well founded, came to The Dalles that a number of white men had been murdered in the Yakima country while on their way to the Colville mines, and Indian Agent Bolon was sent to that country on the 12th of September to inquire into the truth of the report. Bolon never returned. He was barbarously murdered by the Yakimas, as was soon ascertained.

On October 3, Major Haller, of the United States army, was sent from Fort Dalles, with a detachment of 100 men, to the Yakima country to demand the delivery to him of the murderers of Bolon; but Kamiakin, the haughty chief of that tribe, refused to listen to any demand for them, and a combination of Klickitats and Palouses, amounting to fifteen hundred men, drove back Haller's command which arrived at The Dalles two weeks after they had left. This was the signal for a general outbreak among the different tribes from California to British Columbia. The white settlers in Walla Walla valley were hurried by the Indian Agent, Nathan Olney, to The Dalles, having left nearly all their stock and household property in their eager flight for safety, while those at the Cascades left for Portland to escape the fate of those who fell in the massacre at the Cascades four months later. The slaughter of men, women, and children, immediately began by the Indians in Rogue river valley, on the sea coast near Port Orford, at Puget Sound, and east of the Cascades, in both Oregon and Washington territories. The attack was simultaneous everywhere. The people in both territories stood appalled at the magnitude and the audacity of the warlike combination with which they were confronted. People in the Willamette valley, in some places, built forts for their protection against assaults by the Indians, and at Oregon City a night guard was kept up for some time to give warning in case an attack should be made.

In Southern Oregon, the cry of despair and wailing for the death of dear friends was brought by every mail, and every section of the country was calling upon the governors of both territories for volunteers to defend them from the threatened dangers.

There were very few United States troops then in either of the territories, and it became necessary for the people to defend themselves. A call was made early in October by Governor Curry, of Oregon, for two regiments of

volunteers — one for duty in Southern Oregon—one for Eastern Oregon and Washington. Within a month, both regiments were organized, mounted, and equipped, and on the way to the scenes of hostility. Washington Territory nobly responded to the call of acting Governor Mason, and sent several companies of volunteers to quell the uprising of her Indians, and punish the murderers of her people.

I do not intend to say anything now concerning the prosecution of the war, or describe the battles which were fought by the volunteers. That would be too long for an address upon this occasion, and that is the task of the historian who shall write the history of this war. It is enough to say, that in Southern Oregon, on the Sound, in Eastern Oregon, and Washington, everywhere, the Indians were routed and finally subdued. They were driven from their ancient homes and compelled to leave forever the scenes of their hostilities. Reservations of land were set apart for them, upon which they were obliged to go, remote from the settlements of the white people. Since then we have been at peace with them. To the valor of the volunteers, in a great degree, is Oregon and Washington indebted for the preservation of the lives of the early pioneers, and the security of their homes.

The volunteers left their homes—many of them their families—upon the call for assistance by the two governors, during the inclemency of winter. They were scantily clothed, poorly fed, and worse paid. After their services were at an end, the General Government assumed to pay the expenses incurred in the prosecution of the war. A committee of three, consisting of Captains A. J. Smith and Rufus Ingalls of the United States army, and Hon. L. F. Grover, a citizen of Oregon, were appointed by the War Department to audit the claims for services and supplies incurred by the people. The commission fairly discharged its duties and made its report, allowing a just and reasonable compensation. To the discredit of the Government, it refused to pay the sums allowed by the commissioners, and submitted the whole matter to the decision of the Third Auditor of the Treasury, and I regret to say, that without sufficient reason to justify his acts, that officer cut down the claims as allowed by the commissioners, to one-half, and in many instances, to one-third, of the amount. Our people were justly indignant at this action of the Third Auditor, and our senators and representatives have since then made many, but unsuccessful, efforts to have the unpaid balance allowed and paid to those entitled to it.

Washington territory, our prosperous and growing neighbor on the north, will, I am happy to say, soon be admitted to all the rights of a state in the

Union, and I am sure the senators and representatives in Congress from the State of Washington will aid those from Oregon in doing full justice to their and our volunteers of the Indian war of 1855-6.

The history of this war has never been written—that is, written as it ought to be told. In the History of Oregon, by Mr. Bancroft, recently published, no mention whatever is made of the part taken in that contest by the First Regiment of Oregon volunteers, or by the recruiting battalion sent to Eastern Oregon and Washington territories. Not a line was written concerning them, although they played no inconspicuous or inglorious part in that exciting drama—the contest for the supremacy of race—for after all, that was the issue made by the Indians: whether they or we should own and possess that extensive domain, the Indian Empire.

I repeat, not a sentence was written by that historian concerning the actions of the Oregon volunteers in the North, although a great part of their service, and that especially of the recruiting battalion, was performed in the Territory of Oregon. It is true, the writer says: "However this may be, war followed, the history of which belongs to both Oregon and Washington. But since the Indians involved in it were chiefly those which were attached to the soil and superintendency of the latter, I shall present the narrative in my volume on Washington."

But this is not the way Oregon history should be written, even though its volunteer soldiers fought the Indians in the Territory of Washington. As well might the brilliant achievements of our armies in the Mexican war be reserved for Mexican history and remain unwritten in our own.

Some time ago a number of gentlemen, connected with the Indian War Veteran's Association, conceiving the idea that the history of the Indian wars of the Pacific Northwest should be written in full, formed an association called the "North Pacific History Company." That company has employed to write this history, several writers of ability, conversant with the early history of this country, especially that part of it connected with our Indian troubles. I have been informed that this history has been written and will soon be published in two volumes. The company has been at great expense in making it as full and complete as the writers know how.

I bespeak for it a fair consideration by the pioneers, because it will be one in which their own actions and those of their fellow state-builders are recorded; and which will be of interest to them and their children. And I also ask for it the consideration of the people of this community who came

here since the pioneer days, as they ought to know the early history of the country in which they live. I hope every one will buy a copy of this book; and in that way compensate, in a measure, to those who have endeavored to rescue from oblivion the actions of the pioneer fathers and mothers of Oregon.

Pioneers of Oregon! We have seen this great country — the Pacific Northwest — pass from the dominion of the red Indian to that of the white man; from savage to civilized life. Our eyes beheld this change; our hands helped to make it. This change of race, of dominion, in any country, marks an epoch that history will note for all time to come. In the whole history of the world, since history has been written, we know that whenever one nation or people has been supplanted by a stronger race, it has been accomplished only after thorough exhaustion of the weaker power; and no nation or tribe, however weak it may have been, has ever yet succumbed to a stronger without first strewing the land with death and leaving the homes of its people in ashes. Whenever a sovereignty, great or small, has been laid in the dust, there the sword and the brand have been busy with the lives and habitations of men. The Oregon tribes of Indians have been no exception to this rule.

In their conduct toward the Indians whom they supplanted, the record of the pioneers has been made forever, whether for approval or for censure of those who come after them. They can not change that record now if they would; and I may add that I think they would not change it if they could.

Cutting loose from all the ties which bound them to the homes of their fathers, they sought to establish new homes for themselves and their children in the distant Oregon; and, starting on their long, weary journey to it, they could well exclaim with the Wanderer of Switzerland in his yearning hope:

"Thither, thither will I roam,
  There my children shall be free;
I for them will find a home,
  They shall find a grave for me."

REV. JESSE MORELAND.

BY REV. I. D. DRIVER, D. D.

[The subject of the following brief sketch acted as Chaplain at the annual reunion of 1890. His strong and penetrating voice and vigorous step, notwithstanding his great age, indicated that he would yet remain a number of years among his friends.]

Rev. Jesse Moreland was born of Methodist parents, in North Carolina, January 1, 1802. When two years old his father moved to Kentucky.

He was converted to God at the age of fifteen years, licensed to exhort at eighteen, and licensed to preach in 1828, in the Tennessee conference, within the bounds of which his father had moved. At the time of the death of Brother Moreland he had served the church as a public teacher seventy years.

In 1824 he was married to Miss Susan Robertson, in Tennessee. By her he had nine children. Five of them preceded him to the spirit world. The other four stood by his bed when his soul departed.

In 1848, seeing the baleful effects of slavery, he removed his family from Tennessee to the free state of Illinois, where he lived four years. In 1852 he crossed the plains with ox teams, and landed in Oregon October 4, after just six months' travel, losing all his property on the plains but a pair of oxen, a wagon, and one cow. That winter he paid $28 a barrel for flour, and fifty cents a pound for bacon.

With a large family depending upon him for support, it can be seen that his was no easy task, yet, amid all his trials and difficulties, he did not shrink or falter, but went forward full of hope for the future, and of final triumph at the end. He settled in Clackamas county, on a donation claim, among the tall firs, and for the next seven years devoted himself to the hard work of a farmer. He would labor all the week, and on Sunday was at some place where he would gather the scattered neighbors at some farm house, or in some grove, where he preached a free salvation to all. In many of these neighborhoods his was the first voice that was ever heard to proclaim the glad tidings.

In 1859 his wife died, and the old farm was abandoned, and the home for a time broken up. He went to keeping a country store, in which business he continued until 1872. In 1863 he was married to Miss Avarilla Waldo, with

whom he has lived in great felicity, leaving her to linger a few days more. In 1872 he moved to Salem, where he lived eleven years. Then, feeling the effects of advancing age, he moved to Portland, to be with his children, and was mainly under the care of his youngest child, Hon. Julius C. Moreland. He departed this life on the evening of March 3, 1890.

During the long life he had led, he made all things else subserve to the one idea, that he was the child of the King, in his service, and lived to do his will. His daily life had always been lived with the prayer on his lips:

"O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

His last illness, while causing most excruciating pain, was endured without a murmur. He felt from the first that it was the end, and in words of triumph, and with shouts of praise upon his lips, he waited for the final summons. Very many who have heard him in the relation of his Christian experience have heard him say that he longed to "see how it looked inside of glory." Almost his last words were: "I shall soon be in glory and see my blessed Saviour, who has so blessed me during this long life. Bless the Lord!"

The characteristics of Father Moreland, briefly summed up, would be: faithfulness, kindness, industry, strict integrity, and always at the post of duty.

His was the first funeral from the new Grace church, and, at his own request, was preached by the writer, from II Timothy, 4:6, "The time of my departure is at had." It was a time of holy triumph. Scripture lessons were read by Brothers Wire and Harrington. Brother Kummer offered prayer. Brothers Cline, Janney, and Whitmore, were present. Dr. Houghton, in a beautiful tribute, testified to the esteem in which the church held the reverend and aged father, while the whole congregation seemed wrapped in profound thought, as each passer by looked for the last time on the tranquil face of our greatly beloved father in Israel.

His remains were conveyed to the Rock Creek burying ground, in Clackamas county, where they were tenderly laid away by the side of the wife of his youth, many of his old friends and neighbors gathering to pay their last tribute of respect and love, Rev. C. M. Bryan reading the burial service.

W. G. BUFFUM.

Born in the State of Vermont, January 25, 1804. Father's name, Stephen; mother's name, Hannah Sewel. Father was born in Massachusetts, near Plymouth Rock. Grandfather and grandmother came over from England. They were staunch Quakers, therefore took no part in the revolutionary war. Father, not being so strong in the faith, took an active part, and was all through the war, from its beginning to the end, serving much of his time under Washington, which so enraged his father for deserting his religion and becoming a rebel to his king, that he was disowned by him and disinherited. Vermont at that time offered inducements to settlers. After a time he married and struck out for the frontier of Vermont, where he made a farm and raised a large family, consisting of six boys and six girls. They all lived to have families except one girl. Those now living are, one brother, aged seventy-two, and one sister, the wife of Edward Thurman, of Illinois. My brother is now living in Nebraska. I, with my father and family, moved to Ashtabula county, Ohio, in 1815, then a frontier. Lived there until 1825, then went to Fulton county, Illinois. In 1828 married Miss Caroline Thurman. Lived there until 1841, following milling as a business. Afterwards went to Scotland county, Missouri, then a new country. Left Missouri in April, 1845, for Oregon, and I think we had as pleasant a time as it was possible for parties to have in crossing the plains, until we came to The Dalles. Started from Missouri, with two wagons, loaded principally with provisions, fourteen yoke of good oxen, and a number of loose cattle, besides a few good horses. Being so well fitted out, I was enabled to assist others. Gen. Joel Palmer could not have gotten through without assistance, and it would have been hard with some others. When we got to The Dalles we found we would be delayed for some time, for the want of boats, as none had yet come up the river from Ft. Vancouver or the other settlements. Mr. S. K. Barlow met us with the news that we could make a road over the mountains, on the south of Mt. Hood; that a party of them could cut the road nearly as fast as the teams would travel. So we made up a party we thought sufficient, and started. Got to what is now called Barlow gate and camped. We were a long time in getting as far as Little Deschutes. The snow overtaking us there, Mr. Rector, Barlow and John M. Bacon started for the settlements to look out the way and procure help to get us out of the

mountains. All of the women and children, with some of the men, packed what they could and went down the old trail, except Mrs. Thompson and my wife. We concluded to stay until help came from below. There were still several men at work on the trail, and we had hopes of a better turn in the weather, and, with the expected help from below, would yet be able to get our teams and wagons through. The weather kept getting worse, and no news from a relief party, I concluded to pack my horses and get my wife out of the mountains. Several of the men were going. This left Mrs. Thompson alone, or the only woman in the camp. When we were all packed up ready to start, she came and besought us so earnestly that we arranged to take her along. She had never been on a horse. So I unpacked one of my horses that had a man's saddle on, one that I could trust, and put her on man fashion. For some time had to hold her on. It was a lucky thing for her that she persisted in going, for the party that was to come from below came near losing their lives on their return trip. I have often thought that Mrs. T. exhibited a wonderful degree of pluck to endure what she did — had always been used to all the comforts of life; knew nothing of privations or hardships. Even her wagon she rode in across the plains was provided with every luxury — a rocking chair and bed — was more like a well-fitted bed-room than a camp wagon — besides being in a delicate situation, for her boy was born in the early spring. We came down the old trail, and had a good deal of snow and ice to contend with. A more rugged, steep, and precipitous trail, even without the snow and ice, I think would be impossible to travel. When we got through, a more worn out person than she was could not have sustained life. Myself and others, after a day or two, started back to the wagons with supplies. When we got there, the weather getting worse, we concluded to build a cabin, store our things in it, hire a couple of men to stay with it all winter, until we could return, which we did. Worked out a road and brought everything in on our return from the cabin. It was one of the most dangerous, hardest, trips it was possible for men to endure and save life.

Mr. Thompson settled somewhere down the Columbia. In 1848 he went to California gold hunting. Was killed by the Indians on the North Fork of of the American river, about one and one-half miles from my camp, ate in 1848. We soon heard of the gold fields being discovered in California. My neighbor and friend, Mr. James McConald, being a blacksmith, made some picks and shovels. He and wife, myself and wife, with the home-made picks and shovels, started for the mines in the early fall. Our wives were great friends; had no children; both fine and easy riders, could manage a

horse as well as the most of men, insisted on going with us. Most, if not all, women were left at home, while the men, and boys large enough, went to the mines. We had a good trip; had plenty of company for protection from the Indians, and had a fair return from the mines. Our wives being the only women in the mines, the miners would come from all around to see the Oregon white women; said it made them think of the far-away home. Returned to Oregon the following February by water. Have been in this country ever since, except on an excursion trip of the pioneers in 1883, back to our old homes in the far East. Have never regretted coming to this country; it is worth more than all the hardships and privations we endured. Have made two good farms in Yamhill county, and am now living a quiet, easy life in the little town of Amity, near our old farm, in my eighty-fourth year, my wife in her seventy-third year.

My father's family consisted, as I have stated, of twelve children, six boys and six girls, in rotation as follows: My eldest brother's name was David, Jonathan, George, Hiram, Stephen, and Wm. G. Hiram started for Oregon in 1847, with quite a large family of boys and girls. He died on Raft river, and was buried in the wagon road, so that Indians should not discover the grave, as it was their habit to dig up the dead for the clothes they were buried in. The widow and family came on, and are now living in the country. Sisters, Ada, Abigail, Polly, Eliza, Hannah (died when a child), and Maria.

B. Y. HARTLEY.

Mr. Hartley was born in 1822, in Kentucky, and is five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. He crossed the plains to Oregon in 1851, with Captain —— Johnson. Of the thirty wagons in the train, all but three belonged to Jonathan Kinney, who undertook to bring as passengers sixteen women, twelve of whom persevered to the end. There were also two men in the company, Rice and Little, both now dead long since.

Hartley took his first claim—a donation—in the dense forest on the present site of Aurora, in Marion county; sold to a Dr. White, and went for a time to the mines, but returned and purchased back his claim, which he sold once more, getting his price of $500. He then located two other claims, one in Linn county, the other in Douglas county, near Oakland, in the hollow locally known as "The Swale," three miles south of the town. He disposed of the former of the two for $500, but retained the latter.

Much of the first part of his life on the northwest coast was spent in the mines of Southern Oregon and Northern California. His experiences with the Indians were of the most exciting character. For one: Being in the employ of George Pugh, in the Rogue river country, he was sent to the "Big Meadows," a place ever memorable in the annals of Southern Oregon, for the purpose of bringing out five horses left there to graze. Securing the animals and returning towards Althouse creek, he was assailed in passing through an Indian camp, which he had passed in the morning without trouble, by infuriated savages, who directed at him and his horse a volley of bullets, many of which struck his clothing, tearing away his coat sleeve; and one, striking the pommel of his saddle, dashed from it a splinter into his cheek; causing a wound from which flowed blood covering his face and a part of his body. His horse received a ball in the flesh of the fore leg, and also in the thigh. In later travels on the coast trails, as from Crescent City and from Scottsburgh, he also saw dangerous times. Once, while having no companions but an Indian bell boy and a Spaniard, his pack train was attacked, and two of his animals were killed.

He fought in the war of 1853, being with General Lane at Table Rock. After that scrimmage he was in the Southern Oregon mines, and recalls how

many of the miners, some of whom were his own friends, were cut off by savages. The "peace" that followed the treaty was a farce; the Indians killing miners and burning out settlers, almost at pleasure. According to his belief the soldiers made pets of the Indians, and were in turn favored by them. The United States troops were no protection.

Mr. Hartley relates a terrible event that he thinks has never been told before. This was the massacre by eighty-five miners of an entire village of Klamath Indians, numbering, perhaps, four hundred souls. It was administered as a punishment for robbery and theft on the part of the natives. The attack was made just at daylight, the miners being thoroughly furnished with guns and ammunition. The Indians were wholly unprepared, having no suspicion of the dreadful intent of the whites, and were sleeping without a guard. The village was not aroused until there was heard the barking of the dogs as the attacking party completed their circle about the place in the gray light of morning. Those of the Indians who first looked out of their tents to discover the cause of the disturbance were riddled by rifle balls. At the general panic following, the frightened tribe rushed only upon a circular wall of fire and leaden death, none escaping. A number made a break toward the Klamath river, but were shot down before they were out of reach. All perished, young and old, men and women, big and little.

The affair was investigated, says Hartley, by the soldiers from Fort Jones, who sought to find the perpetrators, one even assuming a miner's dress and spending days at a time in the miners' camp. But the desired information was never obtained.

Another secret massacre of Indians by miners on the same river, brought extermination to a village of about the same number. Mr. Hartley himself did not hear of the latter until in Idaho, many years afterwards, the circumstance was related to him by an old miner.

The affairs are here given as the recollections, or rather the reported understanding, of a veteran miner and also volunteer soldier. If his understanding of them were correct, it is still a matter of the past, and needs no comment here.

Mr. Hartley, although having spent much of his time at widely distant parts of the coast, has made his home in the Umpqua Valley, and in 1890 was living at Oakland.

AN OLD PIONEER'S RETURN.

[The following is taken from the columns of the *Oregonian*, and is worthy of a place in these proceedings.]

BUTTEVILLE, June 17th, 1890.

To the Editor of the Oregonian:

The seventeenth annual reunion of Oregon pioneers will take place at Portland, on the 18th inst. The pioneers who came to Oregon before the discovery of gold in the latter years of the 40's, were actuated by the common ncentive to introduce the arts of civilized life, and to build up homes and a State on the Pacific coast, dedicated to the right of man. Coming with their families and all they possessed, they had to meet and overcome nearly the whole catalogue of imaginable difficulties.

At that time the vast empire of the wild West, reaching from the Missouri and Iowa border to the Pacific ocean, was in undisputed pos session of wild savage tribes. Yet these people, braving the dangers, came by hundreds by their slow-moving ox trains, receiving assistance from neither church nor State, depending alone on their own resources to meet coming events. The fact of their having entered upon so formidable an undertaking, would indicate that they were not of the class who are easily discouraged or intimidated. The situation was one of their own choosing, and they came resolved to face it and stay.

They found themselves at their journey's end in a new world, as it were where all nature seemed to be. fashioned on a scale of colossal grandeur. In their front rolled the waves of the world's grandest ocean; behind them an unbroken wilderness 2,000 miles in extent. Here, on this ocean-bound shore, they pitched their tents and proceeded to lay the foundation of their Anglo-American government, based on civil and religious liberty, the dearest rights of a free-spirited people.

Time has so thinned the ranks of the pioneers, who nearly half a century ago brought under civilized rule the wild land "where rolls the Oregon," that it may now literally be said of them, as it has perhaps been figuratively said of angel's visits, they are few and far between.

This communication was suggested by the arrival in this State of David Crawford, one of Oregon's early home builders, now a resident of Sinking Valley, Blair County, Pa., who left here thirty years ago. Mr. Crawford crossed the plains with the immigration of 1844, remaining in the territory until 1856. Having sold his farm to the late John Scheurer, he returned to

the Atlantic side, bought a farm near the old parental home in Pennsylvania, got married, and has brought his wife with him to see this far-famed wonderland. He has no relatives here nearer to kin than Oregon pioneers. It is these now old people among whom he spent the spring-time of life, and this highly-favored land that he has come so far to see. He expects to meet a goodly number of the old time-worn veterans around the camp fire at their approaching reunion, and it is to be hoped that his expectations so far as possible will be fully realized.

David Crawford is prominently identified with the history of the early settlement of the North Pacific coast. He was with Colonel M. T. Simmons's first immigrant exploring expedition to the Puget Sound country in 1845; took up a land claim there, upon which he made considerable improvements but returned in 1846 to this valley of vallies. He is a veteran soldier of the Cayuse Indian war, remaining in the service until the close of hostile operations in the summer of 1848. In September of the latter year he went overland to California, returning to his Oregon home in 1849.

Crawford was a bold, valiant worker in the front rank of Oregon's pioneer, during the trying years of transition from savage to civilized life — when all the villages of the North Pacific coast, excepting the little hamlet at the falls of the Willamette, were Indian villages. He now looks with wondering eyes on the changes that have taken place during his thirty years' absence as a marvel of industrial energy and successful enterprise. Like all the early pioneers, Mr. Crawford is a learned linguist, but speaks two languages, having in the moccasin age of Oregon mastered the idioms of ancient Chinook, in which now almost silent tongue he still familiarly greets his old-time ittakum.

Respectfully, WILLARD H. REES.

JOHN C. CARTWRIGHT.

BY S. A. CLARKE.

It is a pleasure, that rises into a duty, to be able to pay the tribute of friendship to a friend—to turn from the cares, and even from the ordinary pleasures, of life to spend an hour to rescue from the past the memory of one whose life has been, to a degree, interwoven with your own, and whose character was formed and completed under your own observation.

John C. Cartwright was a mere lad of eighteen when I first met him, and afterwards studied law in the office of my friends, Barnum & Wilson. My first impression was that it was a close struggle for him to win his education, and so, indeed, it was. He came to Oregon in 1853, a boy of sixteen. He was crude, imaginative, full of fancies, ambitious and willing to work hard to win success. His education was desultory, and his reading comprised whatever came within his reach. He read and studied, and the fancies of boyhood ripened into the early fruit of manhood. He had a frail, nervous look, but an indomitable will nerved him to win success. He had been living in a country cabin, attending a country school that a brother taught. When I first met him he was attending classes in Willamette University. Thus reading and studying he managed to get an education and entered the office of Barnum & Wilson as a student of law.

The boy is always "father to the man." It was interesting to watch the development of character and manhood from boyhood to youth and genuine manhood. Cartwright was not easily developed. It is paradoxical to say it, but combined with great self-confidence and somewhat of assurance there was a degree of timidity and hesitation that greatly embarassed him and had to be overcome by hard work and self-command. He was like Sheridan. Failure did not discourage him, for he said, "It is in me and shall come out," and so it did. So with John Cartwright, he had confidence in himself, but it took all the will of John Cartwright to develop himself and to overcome a timidity that came near holding him forever back.

Looking now on the boy I trace his career to young manhood and finally at the bar, and seem to see the assertion of will that in due time broke down all barriers of reserve and timidity and made him reliant and self-poised. He soon won a place at the bar and had a practice that realized the day-dreams he imagined and had often revealed to me as a friend of greater age. His career illustrates the capacity of our free institutions to build and mould the boy into the man. The halting, hesitating lad of 1858, who was reading law, was admitted to practice in 1860, was elected to the legislature in 1864, and was made State Senator in 1866. I will not say that he was at that age eminently qualified as a law maker, but there is no remembrance of any complaint that he failed to render good service.

While Cartwright was not a man of remarkable character, his was truly a remarkable career. Without family or influential friends to push him on, he rose rapidly and became a public man at the age of twenty-seven.

For twelve years he practiced law and acquired a competency. In 1867, at the age of thirty, he was U. S. District Attorney, which position he resigned on account of ill health. He never had much physical strength, and all his work was at the expense of physical comfort. On account of his health he settled at The Dalles in 1873. In 1876 he was chosen presidential elector, on the occasion when poor Cronin figured so prominently and so unpleasantly. That was a memorable experience, as it was known that immense money power was enlisted in that campaign, and stood ready to buy a vote at any price. It may seem to sound well to be able to say that no suspicion pointed to Cartwright, but I prefer to claim no honor for my friend because he proved himself to be an honest man. In 1877 he was appointed internal revenue collector for Oregon and Washington. This position he held for eight years, but the hard work and sedentary life told on his general health, and the frail physical body suffered. In 1885 he retired to private life and the remaining time that he lived was devoted to his personal interests.

At the very beginning of his professional life, when just admitted to the bar, with small means and not much business, he married Mary, daughter of Rev. Wm. Helm, of Salem. It seemed tempting providence to marry as he did, but he allied himself to one of the best families in the country and laid the foundation for a happy future, and lent to his life all the grace and charm that is found in a cultivated home, with wife and children to light it perennially. Cartwright was eminently happy in his private relations, and two sons and ve daughters came to lend their home its greatest charm.

When at The Dalles Mr. Cartwright made a profession of religion in the M. E. Church. In 1887 they removed to Portland, where he died on the last of February, 1889. He had strokes of paralysis and for a long time previous to his death suffered very greatly; but, while enduring intense pain, he maintained great fortitude. He was entirely devoted to his home and family, and his private life affords an example of a happy family, such as is not often equalled. They retain a memory of him as father and husband that will be cherished while life endures.

John Cartwright was not very demonstrative but he sincerely loved a friend. His nature was awake to the past, and the friendships of early days were lasting. As a man and Christian he was consistent, and the long months of suffering he endured found him waiting patiently for the end.

Words have their limitations, and the soul's language can not always fit them to its needs. Friends go on before and leave us waiting, knowing that our time is near. The husband, father, friend leaves us, and we only know to wait and hope and trust that in the mercy of the Infinite we shall meet again.

Having filled official station and discharged important public duties for many years, there would be opportunity to cavil and condemn if any failure to fully meet the requirements of duty had occurred. Cartwright's life knew no such failure. His life work is finished, and the failure of opponents to find omission or commission to condemn says plainly that his work was well done.

John Cartwright, though not of the forties, was a pioneer, and this sketch is committed to the kind memories of the Pioneers of Oregon in remembrance of one who was greatly honored among us and who did somewhat towards making Pioneer History. One by one they go, and soon the passing years will leave only here and there one who can point to the past and claim that he was part of the early times.

A letter received from Senator John H. Mitchell by Mrs. Cartwright is a heartfelt tribute to the worth and value of the deceased husband and father, and shows how dearly he was beloved and how he was respected and valued. It should be treasured by his children as a testimonial of his worth:

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4th, 1889.

MRS. MARY CARTRWRIGHT:

My dear Mrs. Cartwright:—I am in receipt of your very kind but sad letter, and now I shall do that which I have been on the point of doing ever ince I received the sad word of the death of your beloved husband and my

dear friend, namely: write and tell you how very much I have sympathized with you and your dear children in these hours of your great affliction. I know how inadequate are words of sympathy at such a time, and hence, while deigning to write, have hesitated to intrude until the deep gloom inseparable from such sorrow should partially, at least, have passed away. It is needless I should say, what you must surely realize, that I have mourned the death of your good husband as one of my dearest friends. To his suggestions, advice and earnest support in 1866—now twenty-three years ago—and to his sincere and uninterrupted friendship in the many years that followed, both personal and political, am I indebted largely for whatever of success has attended me in my political career. Never had the thought entered my mind of securing a seat in the Senate of the United States until suggested by John C. Cartwright. He was the *one* who first suggested the thought to me. I shall never forget the time and place. It was in Portland in April, 1866; and although I, at the time, regarded the idea as visionary, and so expressed myself, I found very soon that through his indefatigable efforts, his indomitable will, and untiring zeal in my behalf, I was being prominently brought before the people of our State as a candidate for the Senate in that same year—1866—and was enabled to divide or share the support of our party in the Legislature of that year almost equally with Governor Gibbs; and although I was defeated then, I rose, later on, twice over; and your late husband was my sincere and influential friend.

I sympathized with him and you in his long illness, and I sincerely mourn his decease. You have lost a good, kind, affectionate husband, I a sincere, influential, and faithful friend. But we are not alone losers in the death of John C. Cartwright. Oregon, as a State, society at large, and the great party of liberty and equality, of which he was so conspicuous and influential a member, are all sufferers; because as a citizen, in its every relation, John C. Cartwright was a *true* man; but not only so, he was able in every sense of the word; able in native intelligence; able in resources; able in execution. In his profession, he stood the peer of any in his State and inferior to none. In official life, as in private life, integrity characterized every action; and a faithful and efficient performance of every duty marked his entire career. As a member of the Republican party, in every contest, and in every trying hour, he was a tower of strength in support of its principles and in defence of its organization. His services to his party during the memorable Presidential contest of 1876, and during the troublesome times following—culminating in the creation of the Electoral Commissioners and the inauguration of President Hayes—were of a character never to be forgotten. During those critical periods in the history of the Republican party, and of our country as well, when the prize of the Presidency hung in the balance, to be determined by a single electoral vote, and when the air resounded with reports of efforts to procure that *one* vote by improper means, the finger of suspicion never once pointed in the direction of John C. Cartwright with intimation that *there* was a weak link in the chain of Republican electors. On the contrary, after having made a brilliant and successful campaign, he remained in the contest until the last and until the victory that had been won was declared to be beyond the reach of the despoiler. He visited Washington and there devoted weeks and even months to the vindication of the integrity of the ballot box. From the fatigues and trials, physical and mental, of that campaign, I believe he never fully recovered. To

them, it is my opinion, should be referred the commencement of that long and painful illness which finally culminated in his death at the early age of 52.

But I forget myself and must close. It must be a consolation to you, in these dark hours, to be assured that the memory of him whom you have loved and lost, is sacredly embalmed in the affections of all who knew him best.

With sincere sympathy to you and your children,

I am sincerely your friend,

JOHN H. MITCHELL.

JOURNAL OF MYRA F. EELLS.

Kept while Passing Through the United States and over the Rocky Mountains in the Spring and Summer of 1838.

March 5th.—My affectionate parents:

However uninteresting such a memorandum may be to others it may sometimes give you satisfaction to read a few hasty sketches from an absent and far distant daughter; to you, therefore, they are most cheerfully devoted. You will often find much that is dull and monotonous. They are the notes of every-day occurrences, always written under the most unfavorable circumstances; being fatigued and worn out with journeying and with no accommodations for writing.

Tuesday, March 6th.—Left home, father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all near and dear by the ties of nature and affection, with the expectation of never seeing them again in this world. Dined at the Rev. Elnathan Davis', took the stage at Mr. Abbott's tavern and rode to Worcester; spent the night at the Rev. D. Peabody's. Mr. Eells preached for him in the evening.

Wednesday, March 7th.—Took the stage at 7 A. M. and rode until 8 in the evening, when we arrived at East Windsor; found Mr. Roe with his carriage to take us to his house, to spend the few remaining days which we have to spend in New England. Arrived at Mr. Roe's about 9 o'clock much fatigued. Desire to thank God for the many kind friends which we find here—no pains are spared to make me comfortable. A stormy day.

Thursday, March 8th.—Received calls most of the day from friends. Mr. Eells finds a letter in the postoffice from the American Board, saying he may delay his journey to New York one week. This gives him sufficient time to

arrange his business for leaving the country, for which we can not be sufficiently thankful. Mr. Eells' scholars make him their farewell visit—a solemn time.

Friday, March 9th.—Tried to get a little rest; received calls from many friends.

Saturday, March 10th.—Try to realize the goodness of God in sustaining and carrying us through new and interesting scenes. This has been a week of interest to us, inasmuch as we have formed new relations and duties which can now be realized.

Sunday, March 11th.—Attend the Rev. Mr. Bartlett's church in East Windsor. Mr. Eells preached in the afternoon. Meet many warm friends; among them, Mr. Ruggles and wife.

Monday, March 12th.—Spend the day at Mr. Roe's, Mr. Eells making calls and arrangements for our journey.

Tuesday, March 13th.—Still busy in making preparations for our journey; go to Mr. Ruggles'; write to friends.

Wednesday, March 14th.—A good visit to Mr. Ruggles'; meet many of their neighbors and friends. They understand the principle of missions. Leave this morning; dine at Mr. Bartlett's; attend concert for singing this afternoon; return to Mr. Roe's; make arrangements to leave in the morning.

Thursday, March 15th.—Mr. Roe accompanied us to Hartford, meeting his own and our traveling expenses; purchased two pair spectacles, one pair of silver bows of which he makes me a present. Spend the night at Mr. Sandford's. Their family, which consists mostly of boarders, have shared largely in the late revival here. The work still appears to be progressing. Receive many valuable presents to the amount of twenty-five or thirty dollars, eleven dollars in money. Think I feel some degree of gratitude for the many favors I receive, but entirely fail when I try to express my thanks.

Friday, March 16th.—Took stage at Mr. Sandford's and went to New Hampshire; rode all day, the roads are very bad; rode through Weathersfield, passed Mr. Robbin's and Mrs. Emerson's, but could not stop. At night, much fatigued, but in good health and spirits.

Saturday, March 17th.—At six in the morning took the steamboat for New York; arrive here about 1 o'clock in the afternoon; rainy. Meet and form valuable acquaintances. Mr. Walker and wife, who are to be our companions

in labor among the heathen, arrived here yesterday. We are conducted to Mr. William W. Chester's, by the Secretary of the Board, where we were received with great kindness and cordiality; Mr. Eells and Mr. Walker engaged at the missionary rooms.

Sunday, March 18th.—Attend D. D. Skinner's church during the day. In the evening receive our instructions as missionaries to the North American Indians west of the Rocky Mountains from the Rev. D. Green, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, at D. D. Spring's church. These instructions were followed by well-timed and appropriate remarks from Rev. D. D. Spring, first prayer by Rev. Mr. Adams, the last by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Secretary of the American Board. A day of uncommon interest to us who are so little accustomed to be in the city.

Monday, March 19th.—Make necessary arrangements for our journey. About 1 o'clock the Rev. A. B. Smith arrived and joined us in our mission. Mr. Smith belongs in Vermont, Mrs. S. to West Brookfield, Mass.

Evening.—Attend the quarterly meeting of the American Tract Society. Hear reports from fourteen different wards in the city.

Tuesday, March 20th.—In the afternoon, after receiving the advice and counsel of many friends in New York, Mr. Armstrong commended us to God as our only Preserver and Protector, praying that our lives and health might be spared and that we be abundantly blessed among the heathen and finally receive the welcome plaudit of our Divine Master—"Well done, good and faithful servants, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Mr. Chester, Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, Mr. Armstrong and others accompany us to the boat where we have a solemn parting. About five in the afternoon the boat is off. We go thirty miles in the boat, then take the railroad cars and arrive in Philadelphia about two o'clock in the morning.

Wednesday, March 21st.—At seven, take the cars and go to Chambersburg, one hundred and fifty miles. Arrive about two in the morning. After some difficulty in finding lodging places for us all, we committed our way to our Heavenly Father and retired to rest much fatigued. Can not describe the scenery—in the day time we seemed to be flying rather than riding; in the night, of course, we could not see anything but the inside of the steamboat, with just light enough to let us know it was crowded with passengers.

Thursday, March 22d.—About ten find an extra stage to take us to Pittsburg; expect to be at Pittsburg Saturday afternoon. Ride all day. At night, stop for tea and change horses.

Friday, March 23d.—Much fatigued; rode all night; stopped one hour to take breakfast and change horses again. Ride until night, change horses once during the day; take supper and change horses; pack ourselves into the stage for another night's side.

Saturday, March 24.—Rode all night, change horses once. Took breakfast at what is called an inn, but not much like the taverns in New England. Our only alternative now is to ride. My feet are badly swollen; think it is in consequence of losing my sleep; think it doubtful whether we arrive in Pittsburg to-day, owing to the unsettled state of the roads. Crossed the Alleghany Mountains last night. Nine o'clock, pack ourselves into the stage again, much refreshed by breakfast and rest; ride till night; not within thirty miles of Pittsburg where we have letters of introduction and expected to spend the Sabbath. Now the question is, shall we ride on and thus encroach on the duties of the Sabbath, or shall we stop and spend the Sabbath here. If we stop, we must pay a large bill for accommodations; if we go, our expense will be free. Every meal we have eaten since we left New York has cost half a dollar. If we stop, it will cost at least five dollars. We talk about it awhile; all decided we must stop but one man and wife, who have the same excuse for going and stopping that the missionaries have. He is offended. We stopped, and never were we so thankful for rest as now. I have not slept any of consequence since Tuesday night. My feet are so swollen that I can scarcely walk. I feel duty would require me to stop soon if it were not Saturday night. We have supper, find the stage driver willing to stop, as his horses are near giving out; says he will start as early on Monday as we wish. We commit our way to God and retire. I bathed my feet in vinegar and salt.

Sunday, March 25th.—A pleasant morning, feel as though we were in a new world; late breakfast; make inquiries, find one Presbyterian minister in the place, and a small church, but could not be told where it was. About meeting time we went to find a place of worship. We went to one house we thought might be a church, but found no one in or about it. We then turned our course a little to the south where here and there one appeared to be going as if to church. We walked on and soon came to a small house like a school house in New England. We halted a little at the door as strangers; pretty soon some one furnished us with a pew. At noon, Mr. Henry, the minister, came to us and soon found us out, some one having told him something of us. He invited us to attend the Sabbath school in the afternoon and one of the

clergymen to preach for him in the evening. He said he did not have preaching in the afternoon, as there were so few to attend. He said he was sorry he had not known of us in the morning; his people would have been glad to listen to some of the ministers.. He and his wife came to the tavern and walked to the Sabbath school with us. They invited us to tea with them, which invitation we cordially accepted. Mr. Walker preached in the evening. Mr. Smith made some remarks relating to our missions. A day of rest to our bodies and minds, although we have been continually exercising to-day.

Monday, March 26th.—Seven o'clock; start again for Pittsburgh; arrive there about two in the afternoon. Our husbands pay the expenses of the gentleman on the Sabbath, to appease his anger with them for stopping, in addition to their own, which was five dollars, notwithstanding he was a professor of religion and going, as he said, to the West to do good. He had been out there and selected a spot for his location, and returned to the East for his wife, and was now on his way back again. On arriving in Pittsburg our letters of introduction were presented to D. D. Riddle. He immediately assisted us in getting a passage engaged for us in the steamboat *Norfolk*, Capt. Smith, to St. Louis, to start to-morrow morning. He, with many of his friends, invite us to spend the night with them, but this invitation we declined, fearing the boat would be off before we could be ready in the morning, but promising to take breakfast with D. D. Riddle in case the boat should not move.

Tuesday, March 27th.—Take breakfast with D. D. Riddle. They call in some of their friends and we have a social interview; commit all our future course to Him who has said—"Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Ten o'clock our friends, though strangers, accompany us to the boat, bid us God speed and an affectionate farewell. Half past ten, rapidly passing down the Ohio; easy and quick riding compared with riding in the stage. We have each of us a handsome berth and the boat well furnished with everything for our comfort.

Wednesday, March 28th.—Find ourselves rapidly moving from home and all its blessings; pass Wheeling; stop a few moments. Mr. Eells tries to find Mr. Darling, but does not succeed. Wheeling is a large place. After noon stop a few moments at Marietta, walked inside of the college, a handsome building. The place about as large as Westminster, I should judge.

Thursday, March 29th.—Arrive in Cincinnati, find letters from Mr. Gray requesting us to stop a few days here, as the traders would not start for the plains before the thirtieth, and they take the advantage of us if they knew the number of horses we needed, and besides we may stay here without expense, while farther west our board would be higher. We presented our letters of introduction to Dr. Weed, an agent for the American Board, and in a short time he provided each missionary and wife with a private hospitable family with which to stop. Mr. Eells and myself put up at a Mrs. Bird's, a widow lady, Mr. Smith at Dr. Peck's and Mr. Walker stopped at Dr. Weed's. Cincinnati is a large city, so thickly settled that I do not dare to go out alone lest I should get lost.

Friday, March 30th.—Spend most of the day in making and receiving calls. Met Mr. Rogers at Dr. W's. He joins us in our mission. He has no wife and goes on his own responsibility for support, though he has the promise of some personal friends that will help him to funds. Try to feel grateful for the kindness we everywhere receive.

Saturday, March 31st.—The students of Lane Seminary propose that we should visit them at the Seminary this afternoon. About noon, three of the students came to accompany us on our proposed visit. One of them was a classmate of Mr. Eells in Williams college. Go through the institute, which is a large brick building containing a reception room, and a large library, besides other small apartments. We then go into their boarding house, which is a large commodious building, kept by a lady; we next go through a beautiful pine grove to D. D. Beecher's, have a social talk; he makes a short prayer, and separate, some to go one place and some to another to tea; Messrs. E. and W. go to the Rev. Mr. Vail's. Mr. V. has spent some time among the Indians west of the Mississippi. After tea, we returned to our lodgings in the city, about two miles from this place. Try renewedly to concentrate ourselves to the work of our Divine Master.

Sunday, April 1st.—Sabbath; spend the day at home; husband is sick, taken with vomiting and diarrhoea. Have some assistance in approaching the throne of grace.

Monday, April 2nd.—Husband not able to sit up at all. A great favor we are not obliged to travel; a letter from Mr. Gray by the express mail, wishing us to hasten with all possible speed. Messrs. W. and D. engage a passage in the steamboat *Knickerbocker*, Capt Van Houton, for St. Louis, to be off to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, April 3rd.—Husband a little better, though he does not sit up much, on account of weakness. About 2 o'clock afternoon go to boat, have a good stateroom and are as comfortable as we can expect to be to travel. Feel as though we were fast hastening away from the land of our birth to a land we know not of.

Wednesday, April 4th.—Mr. Eell's health much better; thinks his sickness was occasioned by the water in the city, which he drank freely of.

Thursday, April 5th.—Find many friends on the boat interested in our contemplated mission. Some three or four ladies from near Boston, going to visit their sons and brothers in the West.

Friday, April 6th.—Rapidly passing down the Ohio, a most grand river. Its banks are constantly diversified with hill and dale, here and there a scattered village, just enough to cheer the heart and please the eye.

Saturday, April 7th.—Ride all day without coming to one convenient place to spend the Sabbath, or one regular stopping place for boats.

Sunday, April 8th.—Sabbath; obliged to travel most of the day sorely against our wishes and principles. Kept our stateroom most of the day. Tried to get some good from books, but cannot feel reconciled to our manner of spending the Sabbath. Have witnessed enough to-day to convince us of the deficiency and wants of the Great West.

Monday, April 9th.—This morning reach St. Louis; get an introduction to some New England people where we dine. After dinner, some missionary friends call to see us, make us some small presents necessary for us to take on our journey. Five o'clock take steamboat, Capt. Nettleton, bound to Independence.

Tuesday, April 10th.—Our chambermaid is a slave; she is owned by the captain of the boat; she can neither read nor write. She says her master treated her kindly—we saw nothing to the contrary. See many slaves along the banks of the river who, to human appearance, are degraded beyond description.

Wednesday, April 11th.—To-day have my feelings moved almost to indignation on account of the wretchedness of slavery. I believe that slavery is a curse to the owner as well as to the slave. Afternoon our boat takes fire in one of the staterooms which, for some time, causes confusion, though the fire is so soon found that no serious injury is done.

Thursday, April 12th.—Our hearts are made to bleed for the misery of the poor slave. O, when will slavery come to an end? Capt. Nettleton thinks it best for him to return as he has little freight and few passengers. He makes a contract with the *Howard* (Capt. Newman) to take his freight and passengers to Independence, consequently we are obliged to change boats which we do not very much like, as his boat is small and already crowded.

Friday, April 13th.—Try to work a little, but cannot accomplish much on account of the continued motion of the boat. The captain stops to take in freight so long that we begin to fear we shall not reach Independence before the Sabbath. While the boat stops, we walk out on the shore a little way; saw a few log houses with chimneys outside and no windows. The works of nature are abundant, thick wooded forests, interspersed with lofty mountains, craggy rocks, and sometimes large and extended plains stretching along the banks of the river.

Saturday, April 14th.—Saturday night. Cannot be reconciled to travel on the Sabbath. In speaking of traveling on the Sabbath, one of the westerners remarked, the steamboats know no Sabbath. D. D. Riddle said he didn't know of one that stopped on the Sabbath, because it was the Sabbath the whole distance from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and so with those going up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers; so far as our observations goes, we have no reason to think it otherwise. When we have engaged our passage to certain places, we have always been assured we should be there on Friday or Saturday certain, and so we might had we kept on, but owing to the frequent stops they make we have always been disappointed. All passengers are required to pay their passage on entering the boat; if he stops the boat does not, and he must pay another passage if he is fortunate enough to find a boat to take him when the Sabbath is over. I believe they generally acknowledge that almost all steamboat accidents happen on the Sabbath. People on the boat talk about buying and selling slaves with as much freedom as farmers talk of selling cattle, in the New England states.

Sunday, April 15th.—I can hardly suppress my feelings when I think of the many precious seasons spent at my own happy home. I now realize some of the privileges I once enjoyed; but I am happy in the choice I have made in relation to spending the remainder of my days among the heathen. I love to feel that I am making a little sacrifice, if such it may be called, for the cause of Christ. If I am but the means of bringing one soul into the Kingdom of Christ I shall be abundantly paid for all my privations.

Noon.—One of the wheels break so that we are obliged to stop for four or five hours to have it repaired. Never before did I hear so much profanity and see so much wickedness on the Sabbath.

Night.—Seven o'clock arrive at Independence landing about four miles from the village. We inquired if we could find lodging here; one man said "O, yes, if you have blankets." He then directed us to a small log house, for there are no other here, where three separate families, live. They invited us to tea with them, but we had taken the precaution to get our supper on the boat. Mr. Rogers went immediately to the village in search of Mr. Gray. Our husbands busy in removing their baggage from the boat; in the meantime we are expecting to camp together on the floor for the night.

Nine o'clock, Mr. Rogers comes back and Mr. Gray with him. They had taken four horses with them and no alternative but we must go to the village to-night; accordingly, we ladies mounted our strange horses and went to the village. I confess I was a little bit frightened, it being dark and not at all accustomed to riding, and besides, no lady had ever been on my animal's back before. We went up a steep hill and through deep mud, Mr. Eells walking by the side of me, sunk in mud and water over the top of his boots, but we reach Independence in good spirits, about ten o'clock. Mr. Gray had provided us a boarding place, with accommodations as good as the village afforded. Mr. Gray and wife had been here four or five days before; we were now all together. We committed our way to God and retired, though I think none of us slept much. We find two rooms and two beds, consequently four of us must occupy one room and five the other. Mrs. Gray and myself take the bed, our husbands and Mr. Rogers the floor.

Monday, April 16th.—Proceeded to business as fast as possible. Hope to start for Westport on Wednesday. Many of the horses and mules to be bought yet. Mr. Eells goes to Liberty to buy horses, about fifteen miles from this place. The ladies work on our tents, which are made of thin duck. Much fatigued; husband does not return; fear he has missed his way, there not being much road.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Work all day on our tents; afternoon Mr. Eells returns, could not cross the river before on account of the high wind; succeeded in getting a good horse, but no sheep, as he expected. Sheep are from $8.00 to $10.00 per head.

Wednesday, April 18th.—Finish our tents, make some bags, cover some books, etc. Ride a little way to try our horses; do not know how I shall succeed in riding.

Friday, April 20th.—Go to Westport, about twelve miles from this place; expect to find the Fur Company there with whom we are to travel. Our horses, mules and cattle being unaccustomed to traveling make us much trouble. Mr. Roger drives the wagon, thinks his horse is not accustomed to draw a wagon; after going three ot four miles changes horses with Mr. Walker and puts his into the wagon; he will not go at all; obliged to change back again. The roads are so bad that he breaks the wagon and we are obliged to leave it two or three miles this side of Westport, it now being quite dark. About nine o'clock we reach Westport; husband nearly tired out in consequence of hard riding after the cattle, mules, etc. Dr. Chute, a missionary residing here, procures for us a good lodging place; but it is half a mile back. We soon find our way to it, take a cold bite, and retire weary and tired enough.

Saturday, April 21st.—Feel the fatigue of yesterday; can not but speak of the goodness of God to us; suppose this is but the beginning of hardships; can not feel that I am suffering much for Christ's sake, although I endure fatigue and hardships. Will the Lord forgive my sins and make me an efficient missionary.

Sunday, April 22nd.—How unlike the Sabbath at home. Meet at Mr. McKay's an agent for the Indians east of the mountains; hold a short season of prayer. Go to church; a Methodist minister, missionary amoung the Kansas Indians, preaches in the morning; feel it a privilege to find a few Christian brethren and an unfinished log church here in this part of the country. Mr. Eells preaches in the afternoon. The truth the same here as in a civilized land. This is probably the last Sabbath this side of the Rocky mountains, where we can have public worship. Am I prepared to live without the ordinances of the Gospel? The company start about noon.

Monday, April 23d.—Started about noon. Dr. Chute accompanies us a day or two; see many things to interest us. Rode five hours, twelve miles; came into camp, pitched our tent, cooked and ate our supper in the open air and on the ground. Messrs. Walker, Smith and Eells take one road and Dr. Chute, the ladies and the wagon, another. Mr. Gray, who was behind, on coming up to the men with the mules, and finding we are not with them, goes in search for us and does not himself get into camp. Camp is any place

where we stay for the night, or unpack our animals at noon. Saw four wild Indians, nearly naked; crossed two streams of water.

Tuesday, April 24th.—Mr. Gray comes to us about six o'clock; stayed about two miles from us but could not find us. Moved camp at seven, rode till noon, encamped two hours, then moved again and rode three hours; eight hours, twenty-four miles. Encamped on one of the head branches of the Osage river. Met Mr. Meeker and two Indians of the Ottawa Mission. Mr. Meeker is a printer. Had some thunder and a few drops of rain.

Wednesday, April 25th.—After breakfast, Dr. Chute prayed with us and returned. Moved camp at seven, rode seven hours, encamped on a branch of the Kansas river, twenty miles; saw no living creature except our own company; the prairie nearly covered with flowers of every hue. Crossed two creeks, banks steep on both sides; rode through some timber; rolling prairie; saw bluffs off at a distance. Think we must have worship night and morning—Mr. Rogers leads.

Thursday, April 26th.—Moved camp at eight, rode till noon, encamped on a small creek two hours, moved again till six, eight hours, twenty-four miles. Encamped on a little creek that was nearly dry. Thankful for a resting place, I am too tired to help get or eat supper. The weather extremely warm; see no living being.

Friday, April 27th.—Husband and all but Mr. Gray, looking up the animals. Last night we were disturbed by the prowling wolves and we imagined Indians; to-day we have sufficient proof of it. Three of our best horses are not to be found; all go in search for them till nine o'clock. We then move camp. Mr. Eells goes back to look for the animals; have a thousand fears lest he will get lost in this great prairie. We ride three and one-fourth hours, encamp three hours, then rode three hours and encamped for the night, six and and one-fourth hours, twenty miles. Mr. Eells overtakes us just before we get into camp, but can hear nothing from the horses. Met one of Capt. Drip's men in search of the company horses. At noon, met another of his men; crossed three creeks, the banks steep, one of the mules mired twice in them. Husband so tired that the ground makes him a soft bed.

Saturday, April 28th.—Arose at four, proceed to business as fast as possible. Expect to overtake the company to-day. Move about six, overtake the company about nine o'clock, hope to travel a little more secure from the Indians. The company encamped and are making preparations to cross the

Kansas river. Almost as soon as our tents were pitched, Captain Drips and Stuart called on us, had a social talk, gave them some biscuit and cheese. They appeared pleasant, though they said we had better travel by ourselves, either before or behind camp, as they should have their animals guarded nights and it might not be convenient for our men to stand guard. Mr. Gray told them his men expected to stand their proportion of the guard. They seemed to think each company had better take care of their own horses. This gives us to understand they did not want us to travel with them. However, Mr. Gray did not mean to take the hint, as he knew it would not be safe for us to travel alone, and insisted on a due proportion of the guards being given to us. They leave us soon. Major Harris comes, gives us a large piece of pork. Indians on every side of us. Their clothing is principally skins and blankets. Their hair is cut short, except a narrow strip straight over the top of their heads. They are abundantly painted and ornamented. Their ears are filled with tin and pewter jewels, their ears having been bored all through, many of them are tied in with red ribbon. Their features are large. They would come around our tent to watch us, like great dogs. Our dog grabbed one, who was nearly naked. Mr. Eells called him off, whipped him, and then tied him. After dinner Mr. Rogers goes back after the horses. Towards night three or four men came up to join the company; say they have seen our lost horses with Indians on them. Dr. Chute comes up to us again. Feel that I have been preserved through dangers seen and unseen. Will God give me grace and wisdom and knowledge and strength equal to my day; make me useful in life, happy in death and eternity. Mr. Eells is so tired that a bed of stones would feel soft.

Sunday, April 29th.—No Sabbath to us but in name. Husband obliged to keep guard during the night. After breakfast, every man is of necessity driven to his business in consequence of the companies crossing the river and we can not take our effects across only as they go with theirs. Noon.—Have just crossed the Kansas river in a flatboat. Indians all along on the banks of the river. They came from the village on purpose to see us, and take what they could pilfer; some of them richly ornamented and painted. A novel scene to see so many animals swim the river. Mr. Rogers returned but can hear nothing from the lost horses. Evening.—Seems a little like Sabbath. Our company all together once more; Dr. Chute with us. Thankful for a few moments rest from the distracting cares of the world. Mr. Eells leads in prayer and retires,

Monday, April 30th.—Many new arrangements to be made to travel with the company. There are now about sixty men. It is necessary that five men be on guard during the night, which will give each man about two and a half hours to be on guard, as five are on during the day. To make it easy, the night guard changes three times in the night, to be on guard every fourth night, and one day in every twelve. There are ten or fifteen Indian women and children. The company have about two hundred horses and mules; we have twenty-two horses and mules; they seventeen carts and wagons, we have one. We have twelve horned cattle. The wagons are all covered with black or dark oil cloth. They move first, one directly after the other, then the packed animals and cattle. Sometimes we ladies ride behind the whole, sometimes between the hindermost wagon and the mules, as circumstances may be. It is not safe for any to be far in the rear, because they are always exposed to be robbed of their horses and, if not killed by wild Indians, themselves left to wander on foot. The company generally travel on a fast walk, seldom faster. When we are fairly on our way we have much the appearance of a large funeral procession in the States. Suppose the company reaches half a mile—every man must know and do his own work. Mr. Eells takes four animals, two to pack and each a horse to ride. These he is to catch morning, noon and night. At night they must be picketed, that is, fastened into the ground by a long cord. Mr. Gray takes three animals, two for himself and Mrs. Gray to ride, and one to go in the wagon, which he has charge of. Mr. Rogers takes three, two to pack and one to ride. Mr. Walker takes three, one to pack and two for himself and wife to ride. Mr. Stevens takes four, three to pack and one to ride. Mr. Stevens is an old mountain-man whom we have hired to go with us. The spare animals we had have all been stolen. At night the wagons are set so that they form a ring, within which all the horses and mules are brought in and picketed. At half past three they are let loose to feed outside of the ring until six o'clock, usually, when they are to be harnessed and packed for traveling, which takes half or three-quarters of an hour. Before we start every man must put on his belt, powder flask, knife, etc., and then take his gun on his horse before him. Messrs. Walker and Smith drive the cattle; Messrs. Stevens, Rogers and Eells the mules and Mr. Gray the wagon team. Move camp at eight, ride three hours on the river shore, trade with the Indians for dried green corn and some ropes. Buy one mule. A thunder shower. Move again two hours, five hours today, fifteen miles. Encamp on a small creek; cross one creek. Scenery,

delightful. The creeks are skirted with timber; the plains are covered with grass and flowers of every color.

Tuesday, May 1st.—A rainy night, wet this morning. Moved at eight. Rode six hours, twelve miles. Encamped on a creek, crossed five. Scenery, delightful. Meet Indians at every encampment, many of them entirely naked, especially the children. Met two blind Indians, one of them led by a little boy, the other by a middle-aged man; both of them old men. Dr. Chute comes up to us again. Has made inquiries of the Indians for our horses, but can not hear of them. Says we may take his horse and he will get one of the Indians or go down the river in a canoe. He is now one hundred and thirty-six miles from his home, as we have reckoned it. A thunder shower just as we come into camp.

Wednesday, May 2d.—Dr. Chute bids us a final farewell. Think him a worthy man. Take his horse. A very rainy night, every thing wet this morning. Move camp at half past seven, travel five hours, noon. Rode two hours, seventeen miles. Encamped on a creek, crossed eleven, banks steep. Met a small party of Indians with horses and guns, the men painted red. Sky, cloudy; scenery, beautiful, rolling prairies, covered with green grass and flowers, the river skirted with timber. All in good health.

Thursday, May 3d.—Moved at seven, rode three and one-half hours, fourteen miles. A pleasant day. Finding that we could get both wood and water ourselves, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Walker and myself thought it a good time to wash. We dressed in our night dresses for washing, built a fire almost in the center of the creek on some stones, warmed some water, commenced washing in the kettles, as we had nothing else to supply the place of washtubs. We would have got on well had the water been soft, but that being so hard, it took all our strength and a great portion of our soap, besides, our clothes would not look well, which spoiled our anticipated merriment, but we found that we could heat water, wash, boil and rinse in the same kettle. One of the company brings us a little wild honey; have a little sport with the fire running in the dried grass in the prairie.

Friday, May 4th.—Moved camp at seven, ride seven hours—twenty-one miles without getting off of our horses; encamp on Burr creek, the bank of which was so steep we could not ride down; the carts and wagons were let down with ropes. Crossed three creeks, very windy, so that it was with difficulty we could sit upon our horses. Rolling prairie. Mr. Richardson kills a deer and brings us a piece; sew on Mr. Roger's tent.

Saturday, May 5th.—Moved at half past seven, ride seven hours, encamp on Blue creek, fifteen miles. High rolling prairie, deep ravine, the weather so cold that we cannot keep comfortable with all our winter clothes on. The prairie burning all around us. Mr. Richardson brings us a wild turkey.

Sunday, May 6th.—Sabbath. My heart is filled with mingled emotion; how can I, how can it be consistent for us to break one of God's positive commands to obey another? Move camp at seven, ride to Elm creek, five hours; noon, stop two hours, then ride four hours—nine hours, twenty-seven miles—encamp on rough ground where there is little water and no wood; very windy; Capt. Stewart's horse dies.

Monday, May 7th.—Move camp at seven, ride five hours—noon—stop on nameless creek; then ride three and one-half hours—eight and a half hours, twenty-six miles—encamp on a little creek with little water; open rolling prairie; our course N. W. for some days past, two creeks; Capt Drips breaks his wagon, one of his men kills a deer.

Tuesday, May 8th.—Arise this morning only to find a new home for the night. Moved at half past seven, ride three and a half hours, noon, two hours, then ride one and one-half hour— five hours, sixteen miles. Encamp on Battle creek. Two men come up to us, nine days from Westport. A pleasant day.

Wednesday, May 9th.—All is hubbub and confusion. Camp want to move early; horses bad to catch, dishes not packed in season. Oh, how much patience one needs to sustain him in this life. Surely, of ourselves we are poor, and blind, and naked, and in want of all things. Moved camp at half past seven, ride seven hours without food for ourselves or animals; encamped on the Blue. The scenery is so grand, together with a pleasant sun and burning prairie, that for a moment we almost forgot the land of our birth. Crossed Battle creek; Mr. Walker almost sick.

Thursday, May 10th.—Move at seven o'clock; ride three and one-half hours; noon till two then ride three and one-half hours, twenty-five miles. Encamped on the Blue, the soil becoming more sandy as we come into the Pawnees' country. Find the little calf so badly bitten by wolves, that Mr. Walker and Smith thinks it best to kill it. Mr Clark gives us two ducks.

Friday, May 11th.—Move at seven; ride on high prairie about four hours, and about one through a valley shaded by willows, as if done by refined and civilized people; noon on the Blue, then ride three and one-half hours, thirteen

miles. Encamp on the Blue; crossed three dry creeks, saw antelopes and sticks eaten by beaver.

Saturday, May 12th.—Rise early and prepare for a rainy day. Moved at seven, ride four hours and noon two, then ride five hours; encamp on the Blue; nine hours, twenty-six miles; get a thorough drenching; met some eight or ten Pawnees, and many more are encamped on the river; we are in dangerous country. It rains so that, notwithstanding we have a good fire, we cannot dry our clothes at all. Obliged to sleep in our blankets wet as when taken from our horses; our bed and bedding consists of a buffalo robe, a piece of oilcloth, our blankets and saddles, our tents our houses, our sheets our partitions between us and Mr. Gray's, when it rains they are spread over the tent.

Sunday, May 13th.—Arise this morning, put on our clothes wet as when we took off, and prepare for a long ride. I am so strongly reminded of bygone days that I cannot refrain from weeping. Moved camp at seven; ride eight hours, twenty-five miles without food for ourselves or animals. I do not get off my horse during the whole distance, cross from the Blue to the Platte river. About nine o'clock the clouds disappeared and the sun shone bright and warm to dry us. Some of the company kill three deer—gave us a piece. Encamp on the Platte.

Monday, May 14th.—Last night the Pawnees came to our camp. Those we saw were better clad than any we had seen before; their complexion lighter than the Kansas. They are painted; it is said that they are a war party going to war with the Sioux. In the night they sung a thief song; it is said they have three songs, the war song, the thief song and the gambling song. Their noise to us appears like children at play. They made signs that they had two white ladies at their village, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Dunbar, we supposed. They appeared pleased with our manner of packing dishes. Moved camp at 6 o'clock, ride four hours, noon two, then ride four more, eight hours, twenty-five miles. Encamp on the head of Big Island on the Platte; saw a number of Indian camps, some ten or twelve Indians in one; suppose we are near the place where Dr. S———, missionary among the Pawnees, was killed about one year ago. His bones and clothes were found not long after, but nobody knows how he was killed.

Tuesday, May, 15th.—A little rain during the night; moved camp at 7 o'clock, ride four hours, noon two, and then ride four more; eight hours, twenty-seven miles. Encamp on a little stream near the Platte, though not

connected with it. Met an Indian who could talk a little English; passed a number of Indian camps. A delightful view of the Platte; it is, in some places, a mile and a half wide.

Wednesday, May 16th.—A thunder storm, so that we stay in camp till eleven, when we move and ride five hours, sixteen miles. Encamp on the Platte where we have no wood; Mr. Gray sells his tinder box for a piece of dried buffalo meat; crossed Ash creek.

Thursday, May 17th.—Last night a tedious one, the rain pouring on us in torrents. Feel that we are safe only in the hands of Him who holdeth the winds and the storms. Very wet; all engaged in our domestic concerns; obliged to improve all our time to the best advantage to meet our necessary wants. Moved camp at eleven, ride four and one-half hours, fourteen miles; encamp in the open prairie near the Platte; not a stick of wood in sight of us. Two men come up to us from Westport; say they have been out of provisions four days; say also that five missionaries are coming after us, three clergymen and their wives, and two single men. Fear they will suffer and perhaps perish.

Friday, May 18th.—Moved camp at half past seven, ride three and one-fourth hours; saw a large number of Indians coming up to us; encamp when they come up; some of them had blankets or skins, some were entirely naked. Trade with them for a little dried buffalo meat and give them a knife. They always expect a present from white men, and will keep with them until they get it. Stayed here one and one-half hours, then ride five and three-fourths hours; nine hours, twenty-seven miles; encamped on the Platte; passed the grave of M. Josiah Brada. Mr. B. was killed in 1827 by one of his men, who afterwards killed himself. Saw a number of buffalo skulls all lying towards the east. It is said they burn the first buffalo they kill as a sacrifice, and pray the Great Spirit buffalo may be plenty. One buffalo killed, several seen. Hire Mr. Richardson to hunt for us.

Saturday, May 19th.—Move at half past six; ride eight hours, twenty-seven miles. Encamped in open prairie without wood or water; the land wet. Husband and myself ride in the rear in the morning; as we passed along, we observed an Indian medicine lodge destroyed. The trail and the scattered wood indicated that it had been a great day with them. This led us to anticipate our future labor. Toward noon we came to a high bluff supposed to be one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high. Mr. Gray and wife, Mrs.

Walker and Mr. Eells went to the top; they found heads and buffalo skulls left there by the Indians. This bluff is called a medicine mound. Towards night we passed a buffalo which had been shot, lying near the road. A number of buffaloes seen to-day. Mr. Richardson brings five buffalo tongues.

Sunday, May 20th.—Sabbath. The weather pleasant and the scenery calculated to lead the mind up to nature's God. Arise this morning at four; move at half past six; ride four and one-half hours; cross the South Fork of the Platte; noon two hours, then ride two and one-half hours, seven hours, twenty-one miles. Encamp on the Platte; Mr. Walker's horse lame in crossing the river; forded the river in twenty minutes; the bottom full of quicksands; the north side of the Fork the soil is salt and wet.

Monday, May 21st —Moved at half past six; ride four hours; nooned in a thicket of willows and tall grass; Mr. Smith made a fire and as soon as it began to kindle the fire began to spread in the dried grass, which gave our husbands exercise enough for one noontime. This done, Mr. Walker's horse must be seen to, and a stub taken out of his foot which he got in yesterday. Our dinner got and ate as soon as possible and prepared for another start. In two hours all riding again. Ride three and one-half hours; seven and one-half hours, twenty-two miles. Encamped on the Platte; have seen danger on every side of us; the soil is sandy and the surface broken ;deep ravines to go through, loose horses taking fright so as to put us in danger of our lives, if they come near us; but we have passed between the danger to-day. Capt. Stuart's mules frighten and his wagon upset some of his goods in one place and some in another; saw several head of buffalo. A company on the opposite side of the river going to the States; Mr. Eells writes a letter to Blanford.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—Mr. Renshaw takes breakfast with us; he is going to the States and will take letters for us if we wish; says he found Dr. Saturly's clothes, some of his writing and some of his hair. Two of his letters he carried and delivered where they were directed. Wait this morning to have Capt. Stuart's wagon repaired; moved at eight, rode three and one-half hours; noon two hours then ride four and one-half hours, eight hours, twenty-seven miles; encamp on the river. The surface is broken by deep ravines and dry sandy water courses. Saw a great number of buffalo.

Wednesday, June 23rd.—Rode nine hours without stopping, twenty-five miles. Did not see any water the whole distance; crosses from the South to the North Fork of the Platte. The weather so cold that we could not keep comfortable.

Thursday, May, 24th.—Traveled four and one-half hours, twenty-seven miles; encamp on the Platte; saw few buffalo; epsom salts in large quantttties; soil sandy and surface broken; on our right hand the Platte, on our left, high bluffs; bank of the river low and not a stick of timber or a willow on it; Mrs. Gray sick.

Friday, May 25th.—Mrs. Gray more comfortable; move at six, ride four and three-fourth hours, noon two hours and then ride four hours; eight and three-fourth hours, twenty-five miles. Encamp on the Platte. Mr. Eells and myself hardly able to sit up, but obliged to eat, drink and work as though we were well; think it is trying.

Saturday, May 26th.—Mr. Eells could neither eat supper nor breakfast, but must do his duty in camp and ride, he knows not how far. Moved at half past six, ride till noon; stop two hours, then ride four and one-half hours; ten hours, thirty miles; encamp nearly opposite Chimney Rock on the Platte. Mr. Eells some better, eats a little gingerbread and some water which was given him at East Windsor. Saturday night; but nothing but the name to remind us of the approaching Sabbath.

Sunday, May 27th.—Sabbath; arise at half past three to work as hard as our strength will permit; move at half past six, ride two and one-half hours, stop an hour, then ride seven and one-fourth hours; nine and three-fourth hours, thirty miles. We left the Platte at noon and rode on a broad plain between the most splendid bluffs until we came to where they appeared to meet, where we encamped. The scenery grand. Opposite us a deep ravine, then a high bluff; the ravine filled with cedar, a very little water at the bottom. The mountains on either side of us resemble a city covered with magnificent buildings. Husband and myself ride together; call to mind the many Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges we have enjoyed, but now they are not within our reach. We are not disposed to complain or wish ourselves back, though to be deprived of the means of grace in reality and imagination are different things.

Monday, May 28th.—Moved at half past six; ride five and one-half hours; nooned on Horse creek; then rode till half past five; eight and one-half hours, twenty five miles. Encamped a mile at least from the Platte, where Mr. Eells is obliged to get water for supper. Immediately after starting in the morning we passed down a deep declivity with just room enough for our horses to walk. The banks on either side are many feet above our heads; obliged to

look up to see anything but naked earth and then nothing but the azure sky. While passing through here, one of the mules took with it a long withy stick which, when it came back, came very near Mr. Eell's face, which he considered a narrow escape from serious injury. I know not with what better to compare the mountains, than a city with the streets just narrow enough to walk in. After passing through the mountains we rode over rolling prairie. In crossing Horse creek one of the mules mired in quicksand, so that Mr. Stevens and Mr. Eells were obliged to unpack him in the water; every thing wet he had on, but a warm sun soon dried them again.

Tuesday, May 26th.—Moved camp a quarter past six, ride till half past eleven, noon two hours, then rode till half past four; eight hours, twenty-four miles. Encamp on the Platte. Husband faint and weak in consequence of not having such food as he can relish. I would gladly exchange appetites with him, because he is obliged to work so hard. It is true that nothing but the sustaining grace of God can carry us through. I trust we both have this grace. Meet Major Harris, who left us some days ago, also a Spanish gentleman from the Fort. Dry wood in abundance on the bank of the river.

Wednesday, May 30th.—Last night a number of Indian women came to see us. They were neatly dressed and ornamented with beads. Suppose they are wives of white men at the Fort and in the mountains. Moved camp at six, rode two hours, crossed Laramie's Fork and came to Fort William. five miles. Sell Mr. Walker's horse to Capt. Fontanelle for forty dollars. Three Indian women, wives of Captains Drips, Fontanelle and Wood, with their children, call on us. The children are quite white and can read a little. Rainy.

Thursday, May 31st.—The ladies engaged in washing, mending, etc., our husbands making repairs and arrangements for the remainder of the journey. Give the wagon to Capts. Drips and Fontanelle. They, with Mr. Wood, take tea with us.

Friday, June 1st.—Attend to writing. Indian women and children continually calling on us. The company give us a horse. Mr. Gray takes one he left here a year ago.

Saturday, June 2d.—Leave here this morning, ride into Fort William. It is a large, hewed log building with an opening in the center; partitions for various objects. It compares very well with the walls of the Connecticut State Prison. A fort, in this country, is a place built to accommodate the

company as they go and come from the mountains to trade with the Indians. Start at seven, ride five and one-half hours, twelve miles. Encamp in the open prairie at a clear spring at the foot of the Black Hills. Left four of our cattle because their feet were so sore they could not travel. Hope to get them at some future day. Afternoon, a thunder shower. Some of the mountains appear to be above the clouds.

Sunday, June 3d.—Moved at six, rode four and a half hours; stop one and a half; then five hours, nine and a half hours, twenty-eight miles. Encamp on a little stream that runs into the Platte. Scenery, delightful; tops of the mountains covered with snow. Crossed two creeks. Mr. Eells troubled with a hard headache.

Monday, June 4th.—Rode ten and a half hours, twenty-five miles. Encamped on a creek that put into the Platte, crossed it three times; saw juniper trees.

Tuesday, June 5th.—Rode eight hours, twelve miles. Encamp at a dry spring. The face of the country broken; the mountains covered with snow; Prickly pear in abundance. Mr. Richardson did not get into camp.

Wednesday, June 6th.—Rode nine and a half hours, twenty-three miles. Encamped on the Platte; soil, sandy; surface broken. Rode over one bluff, and through one ravine which seemed impossible for man or beast to go through. Crossed two creeks. Rode up to one hunter and saw him take off the meat from a buffalo. Found wild hops and spearmint.

Thursday, June 7th.—Last night, very windy and a little rain. One tent blew over. Travel seven hours, twenty miles. Encamp on the Platte; soil sandy and covered with sage; surface broken. A hailstorm. Mr. Steven's hat blew into the river. Husband and myself find time and place for a short season of prayer.

Friday, June 8th.—Travel nine hours, twenty-five miles. Encamped on the Platte. Rode over bluffs and through ravines which it would seem impossible for us to do under other circumstances; crossed two creeks. Found spearmint. It is said the Crow Indians are near us; Capt. Drips orders all the horses hobbled. A little rain; our cloaks not uncomfortable.

Saturday, June 9th.—Morning, rainy; the company making skin

boats. Mr. Clark calls on us, brings some specimens of minerals found on the way; takes tea with us; wants to get some of our books.

Sunday, June 10th.—Although it is a rainy day, there is no rest for us. Husband on horse-guard; the company taking their goods and carts across the river. In the afternoon can hardly keep ourselves comfortable in our tents. Mr. Eells gets a thorough drenching. I think we know how to prize a comfortable house on a rainy day.

Monday, June 11th.—A very rainy night; rains steady all this morning; our husbands obliged to be out in the wet and cold—say their hands are so cold they can hardly use them. The captains say we may have their boats to take our things across the river when theirs are over. About noon it slacks raining so that we and our baggage go over, two Frenchmen rowing the boat. Messrs. Gray, Eells and Rogers drive the horses and cattle over; wade in the river up to their armpits but can not get across, and only succeed in getting the horses so far that they will swim over—send the boat back to take them over. Night, all over safe, encamped on the opposite bank. Snow falling continually a little distance from us.

Tuesday, June 12th.—Appearance of rain. Travel seven hours, twelve miles. Encamped on a creek; from its appearance we judged the snow was deep on the mountains. In sight of the Rocky Mountains. Killed a rattlesnake, one deer—saw an antelope.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Travel six and a half hours, stopped on a small creek; surface, broken; continually crossing and recrossing high bluffs. Mrs. Gray and myself hold a short season of prayer for ourselves and husbands.

Thursday, June 14.—Rode nine hours, twenty-eight miles. Encamped on the west side of Independence Rock, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; so cold that we need all our winter clothes. Saw a large number of buffalo.

Friday, June 15th.—Travel eight and a half hours, twenty miles. Encamped on Sweetwater river; in crossing, my horse mired. Mountains of granite rock on every side of us; should think they are rightly named. The weather pleasant, and comfortably warm with our cloaks on.

Saturday, June 16th.—Rode nine hours, twenty miles. Many of the horses' backs sore, but none to change. Encamped on Sweetwater. Scenery, awful.

Sunday, June 17th.—Travel seven and one-half hours, twenty-one miles. Encamped on Sweetwater; met three men from the mountains. Soil, sandy; rolling prairie; mountains of rock on every side. No Sabbath to us but in name.

Monday, June 18th.—Rode three and one-half hours, ten miles. Rode over rolling prairie. Last night, two Indian girls brought us some gooseberries, of which we made sauce. To-day they came again. We gave them some needles and a few pieces of calico, upon which they sewed very prettily.

Tuesday, June 19th.—Travel ten hours, twenty miles. Suppose we are not more than ten miles from our last encampment. A hilly, barren desert. Crossed Sweetwater and left it in the morning. Encamped on a small stream, but do not know any name for it. Mr. Eells and myself renewedly consecrate ourselves to the God of Missions.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Travel seven and three-quarter hours, twelve miles. Cross the creek three times and camp on the same side as last night. Prickly pears in blossom, look like poppies, colored like water lilies.

Thursday, June 21st.—Ride five and one-half hours, encamp on the Popuasua, twelve miles, the water so high we can not cross the river, or we should be at the ———, which is to be on the opposite side. A shower.

Friday, June 22d.—Wash, mend, and read a little. A shower at noon. Coffee, sugar and tea, two dollars per pint; blankets from fifteen to sixteen dollars each; pipe, one dollar; tobacco from five to six dollars per lb.; a shirt, five dollars.

Saturday, June 23d.—The water so low it is thought we may ford the river. Messrs. Gray and Eells go to find a fording place. Succeeded, though the water is high. All are busy getting the baggage across, which must be put upon the tallest horses; this done, the horses taken back; we mount them and follow our husbands in deep water, but in twenty minutes were all safe across, though some of us have wet feet, but this is nothing new in this country. Encamped in a grove

of cottonwood trees near the Wind river. Here we expect to spend a few days, but know not how many. Hear nothing from Mr. Spaulding or Dr. Whitman or the Indians who were to meet us here.

Sunday, June 24th.—To-day, for the first time since we left Westport, we have a Sabbath of rest. Mr. Walker preached in the forenoon from II Peter, 3:7. Mr. Eells preached in the afternoon from Ps. 66:13. Trust it has been a profitable day to us all. Hope some good may result from the sermons of this day. Some eight or ten men came from the company to attend our worship.

Monday, June 25th.—The gentlemen, except Mr. Eells, who is on horse guard, engaged in making a pen for the animals at night. Mr. Walker, an American trader in the mountains, comes to our camp with a large company, perhaps two or three hundred horses.

Tuesday, June 26th.—Our cattle could not be found last night; Messrs. W. and S. go to look for them. Mr. Eells guards the horses; Mr. G. making a report to the American Board; Mr. R. goes hunting buffalo. About one o'clock, Messrs. W., S. and S. return with the cattle—find them on the trail towards Walla Walla, at least twelve miles, walking on as regularly as though they were driven. Heat oppressive during the middle of the day.

Wednesday, June 27th.—I repair my dress, which is about worn out. Mrs. Gray attends to baking. Mr. Rogers returns from buffalo hunting, kills two. I cut and help make a dress for Mrs. Craig.

Thursday, June 28th.—High winds. Mr. G. and wife, Mr. E. and myself take a ride up the river. There is more timber than we have seen since we left Fort William. Found some specimens of basalt. Mr. Eells commences writing letters.

Friday, June 29th.—Mrs. Drips, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Robinson call on us. Wish me to cut a dress for Mrs. R. I cut a gown for Mr. Clark.

Saturday, June 30th.—Ride in the morning. Make a gown for Mr. Jay. The calico these garments are made of costs two dollars a yard, and is of ordinary quality and brought from the States.

Sunday, July 1st.—Worship in the open air under the cottonwood trees. Mr. Smith preaches in the morning, Mr. Walker in the after-

noon; fifty or sixy men came from the other camp. Feel that we have been fed with spiritual food to-day. Can test the truth of the promise—"Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Three men arrive from Capt. Bridger's camp.

Monday, July 2d.—All in camp; hear nothing from any to escort us over the mountains. We, by no means, forget the annual return of the monthly concert. Anxiously wait for the time when we shall get to our field of labor.

Tuesday, July 3d —Four Indian women called to see us last evening. Mrs. Gray washes, and I make a rice pudding. An old Indian comes and seats himself at the door of our tent but we can not understand him at all. He then goes to Mr. Walker's tent and tries to talk, but can not be understood. Messrs. Richardson and Stevens go hunting buffalo.

Wednesday, July 4th. No church bells, no beating of drums or roaring of cannons to remind one of our blood-bought liberty. How different one year ago. Then I attended a meeting for Sabbath school children. Here there is no Sabbath, even; no schools to learn the first rudiments of reading. Captains Drips, Walker and Robbins take dinner with us. Major Harris comes to us again; says that nine days out of eleven it rained and snowed constantly since he left us, and that the snow was twelve or fourteen inches deep in the mountains. The men attend to camp business and guard horses. Mr. Gray and Mr. Eells finish the report to the American Board. Heat oppressive in the middle of the day.

Thursday, July 5th.—Last night, were troubled exceedingly by the noise of some drunken men. We were awakened by the barking of dogs, soon we heard a rush of drunken men coming directly towards our tent. Mr. Eells got up immediately and went to the door of the tent; in a moment, four men came swearing and blaspheming, inquiring for Mr. Gray and asked if Mr. Richardson was at home. Mr. Eells answered their inquiries and said little else. They said they wished to settle accounts with Mr. Gray, then they should be off. They said they did come to do us harm; had they attempted it, the dog would have torn them to pieces. They then began singing; asked Mr. Eells to sing with them. He told them he did not know their tunes.

They asked if they disturbed him by keeping him up. He made no reply. They said silence gave consent and went away a little distance to Mr. Curtis, who was sleeping under a tree. They conversed a while with him and then made off with themselves, giving us no more trouble, only that we were constantly in fear lest they would return. All this while, Mrs. G. and myself were making preparations for our escape, while Mr. Gray was loading Mr. Eells' gun, his own being loaned. Capt. Bridger's company comes in about ten o'clock, with drums and firing—an apology for a scalp dance. After they had given Capt. Drip's company a shout, fifteen or twenty mountain men and Indians came to our tent with drumming, firing and dancing. If I might make the comparison, I should say that they looked like the emissaries of the Devil worshipping their own master. They had the scalp of a Blackfoot Indian, which they carried for a color, all rejoicing in the fate of the Blackfoots in consequence of the small-pox. The dog being frightened, took the trail across the river and howled so that we knew him and called him back. When he came he went to each tent to see if we were all safe, then appeared quiet. Thermometer, ninety degrees.

Friday, July 6th.—Last night twelve white men came, dressed and painted in Indian style, and gave us a dance. No pen can describe the horrible scene they presented. Could not imagine that white men, brought up in a civilized land, can appear to so much imitate the Devil. Thermometer, 100 degrees. But two dresses for two children. About noon, the white men and Indians gave us another dance. All writing.

Saturday, July 7th.—Finish our letters; prepare for the Sabbath. Mr. Walker thrown from his horse but not seriously injured. Thermometer, ninety. A little rain, some wind. Hear nothing from Mr. Spaulding.

Sunday, July 9th —Prepare for public services. An express from Dr. Whitman, Mr. E——— and one Indian for a guide on the opposite side of the river, to escort us over the mountains. Say that we have four fresh horses, and provisions, at Fort Hall, sent us by Mr. Spaulding and Dr. Whitman. Mr. Ermatinger is one of the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. Mr. Lee, a Methodist missionary on

the Columbia. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Ewen came here with him and are going to the States, which gives us a safe conveyance for our letters. No public exercises to-day.

Monday, July 9th.—All writing. Messrs. Lee, Edwards and Ewen call on us. Mr. Edwards has been an associate in missionary labor with Mr. Lee, who is on his way to the States for a reinforcement to that mission. Mr. Ewen has been over the mountains for his health. Thermometer, ninety.

Tuesday, July 10th.—Heat oppressive. Capt. Berger and Mr. Newell dine with us. Two years ago Dr. Whitman took an Indian spear out of Capt. Bridger's back that had been there three years.

Wednesday, July 11th.—Make arrangements for the remainder of the journey. The getlemen tell us we have not begun to see danger and hardship in traveling.

Thursday, July 12th.—About twenty men to go over the mountains. Bid farewell to our new-formed acquaintances and move camp at half past nine; rode seven hours, twenty-two miles; encamped on the Popiasua. Mr. Ermatinger eats in our tent; loses the letters Mr. Lee sent to his wife by him.

Friday, July 13th.—Wait in camp for Battes, the guide, to go back after the letters; about noon he returns with them; moved camp at one and rode sixteen miles; encamped on the Popiasua; crossed four creeks, one of which my horse refused to carry me across, it being deep and narrow. Currants and gooseberries in our camp.

Saturday, July 14th.—Rode seven and one-half hours, twenty-seven miles; encamped on a branch of the Sweetwater. Mr. Ermatinger says we are on the back bone of America. Scenery, romantic; mountains of red sand stone piled on mountains on every side of us, so steep that we can only go up and down them sideways; crossed four creeks. My husband is fatigued and almost discouraged. Will God give us strength and grace equal to our day? Will He sustain and comfort him in every trying scene and carry him and me to our destined field of labor? May we be faithful and successful missionaries among the Indians.

Sunday, July 15th.—A shower last night. It is said by our leader that we are in a dangerous country and we must travel; cannot feel that we must

please ourselves when we break the Sabbath. Travel five hours, twenty miles; encamp on branch of the Colorado; crossed eight creeks; rode some miles on the side of a high mountain with a beautiful spring of water below us. Soon after we moved in the afternoon, we saw a number of Indians coming toward us with all speed on horseback. When they came up they shook hands with several of the gentlemen and said they wanted to trade. Mr. Eells told them we would encamp on a creek a little way ahead of us. They went off to their lodges, got their skins and robes, and soon came to us to trade; Mr. Eells bought some of both, and paid them with powder, knives, etc. They were greatly pleased with our things, especially our dishes and cattle. They appeared cheerful and happy. Mr. Stevens lost two blankets.

Monday, July 16th.—Traveled ten and one-fourth hours, forty-five miles. In the morning rode over high mountains and through deep ravines, crossed two creeks, nooned on the last then rode across a long plain, thirty-five miles, without coming to any water where we could encamp. Left one yearling calf and the dog on the plain. All of us too much fatigued to write much. Our course southwest; the soil sandy and covered with sage.

Tuesday, July 17th.—Sharp lightning and thunder with high wind and rain last night. Moved camp at eleven; ford Green river, two broad streams, two deep sloughs; takes two hours to get all our effects across. Ride two and one-half hours, eight miles; encamp on Marsh creek; crossed eleven streams of water. Find gooseberries so that we make a pie and some sauce.

Wednesday, July 18th.—Rode seven and three-fourths hours, twenty miles. Encamped on Marsh creek. In the afternoon we rode most of the time between two mountains, we judged to be from three hundred to five hundred feet high; we rode one and one-half hours on the side of a mountain, the angle of which we judged to be forty-five degrees, with a beautiful stream of water running below us, and no path but what we made ourselves; had our horses made one misstep, we must have been precipitated below to the depth of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet into the water. We then went into the valley, crossing and recrossing the stream thirteen times before reaching our encampment.

Thursday, July 19th.—A little shower last night; rode seven and one-fourth hours, twenty-four miles; encamped on Smith's fork. Our course west through thick pine woods, over high mountains and through deep ravines. The ground covered with flowers. Mr. Walker loses his coat, Mrs. Walker loses the frill from her bonnet, all of us lose a piece of our veils; all in good

health. Snow all around us. One of the cases broken which contains our dishes. Crossed twenty-eight creeks.

Friday, July 20th.—One of the company caught a beaver last night; rode five and one-half hours, thirteen miles; encamp in a pleasant valley, after riding over the most frightful mountains; nooned at the Salt springs—gathered salt to take on our journey. As we went riding quietly along on the side of a mountain, half way to the top we saw rustling among the willows on the stream below us; some cried "a bear," some "a deer," and some "what shall we do?" The hunters immediately fired among the bushes, and two bears ran out much frightened, when they were fired upon again and again, until they were both killed. The hunters said that we might not find buffalo, and thought best to take some of the meat; they did so, but before night they found a buffalo, so that we did not have the trial of eating bear's meat, though we saved some of the oil. Crossed eleven creeks.

Saturday, July 21st.—Stayed in camp to prepare meat. We expect to see no more buffalo, so of course we must secure all we can and have it properly dried. The hunters off after buffalo; about noon some of them come in and say that Indians are near us and every horse must be caught; some of the Indians come up and appeared friendly. Every man is after his horse; Mr. Ermatinger to go for their skins, robes, etc., and he would trade with them which calmed our fears in a measure; towards night they came in to trade.

Sunday, July 22nd.—The Indians are about our tent before we are up and stay about us all day; think they are the most filthy Indians we have seen—some of them have a buffalo robe on them, though many of them are as naked as when born. Mr. Walker read a sermon, and although they could not understand a word, they were still and paid good attention. They appeared amused with our singing.

Monday, July 23rd.—Traveled twenty-three miles; encamped on a branch of Bear river. Scenery awful. Think the mountains would compare with the ocean in a storm, the mountain waves beating on the lonely vessel; we often say that this journey is like going to sea on dry land. Crossed twelve streams.

Tuesday, July 24th.—Traveled six and one-half hours, twenty-five miles. Encamped at the Soda springs, spoken of by Mr. Spaulding in the *Herald*—think that correct.

Wednesday, July 25th.—A rainy night. Wild geese singing all about us. Traveled twenty-five miles, and encamped on a branch of the Snake river. Soon after leaving camp in the morning we came to a soda spring, the orifice

of which is six or eight inches in diameter. The water when boiling up, which is all the time, looks like artificial soda. Near the soda spring is a poison spring, and it generally proves fatal to whatever drinks it. A number of our horses feel its sad effects to-day; one belonging to the company died; supposed to have drank freely of the water.

Thursday, July 26th.—Rode six and one-half hours, twenty-three miles; encamped on a branch of the Portsmouth; two mules threw their packs, one into the river; crossed ten creeks.

Friday, July 27th.—Move from the picket at half past four, ride five hours, eighteen miles. Arrive at Fort Hall; introduced to Mr. McKay, one of the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company; also to a number of Nez Perce Indians. They came here last night directly from Mr. Spaulding's, on an express to the Rev. Mr. Lee, with the painful news of the death of his wife and infant. The same express will take letters for us to the States; nearly all improve the opportunity. Received kindly by all at the fort. Mrs. Walker almost sick. Mr. Steven's horse pitches into the river in crossing, and he goes over his head; is not hurt only gets a thorough wetting; crossed five creeks.

Saturday, July 28th.—Attend to washing, mending, etc. No one willing to carry the express for us less than five dollars.

Sunday, July 29th.—Mr. Gray lodges in the Fort. Mr. Eells and I have the tent to ourselves. We get and eat our breakfast before any in the camp are up. About 10 o'clock Mr. Ermatinger comes to invite us to breakfast; says he has just got up. After breakfast he comes again to invite us to have preaching in the Fort. Afternoon, Mr. Eells preaches in the dining room; some fifty or sixty hearers. Mr. Smith tries to talk with the Indians, who are constantly around his tent.

Monday, July 30th.—Mr. Richardson and Mr. Curtis go back with the express. Some of the company think it best for Mr. Gray to go on as soon as possible to Mr. Spaulding's and make arrangements for our arrival.

Tuesday, July 31st.—Make arrangements for moving camp. The men of the Fort think it not best for Mr. Gray to leave the company at present. Hire two men, one for Mr. Spaulding, one for the good of the mission, for one year. Find our provisions and four mules, and one fresh horse sent by Dr. Whitman and Spaulding; Ermatinger gives ten pounds of sugar. At 2 o'clock bid farewell to our new formed acquaintances at the Fort; rode two and one-half hours, ten miles; encamp on the Portsmouth. Mr. McKay and

wife and two or three Indians go with us to our encampment, take tea with us and return. Crossed two creeks. Three mules threw their packs.

Wednedsay, August 1st.—One of the mules gone back to the Fort, and Mr. Rogers goes back after it; had trouble in getting him; thinks some Indians drove him off, but could not catch him. Rode five and one-fourth hours, fifteen miles; encamped on the Port Neuf. Grass as high as the horses backs. Crossed six creeks.

Thursday, August 2nd.—Mosquitoes so troublesome that we can not go out of our tent without everything but our eyes covered; horses nearly black with them, and they cannot eat for them. Rode four and one-half hours, fifteen miles; encamped on Snake river. In the morning we passed what are called the American Falls. We judged them to be from fifteen to twenty feet deep Passed through one deep ravine over what is called a natural bridge of stone; on either side of us the rocks appear worn by water. Passed through a lonely valley with a wall of rocks on either side of us, which we judged to be from one hundred to two hundred feet high; crossed three creeks; one mule mired and wet all our meat.

Friday, August 3rd.— Rode three and one-half hours, twelve miles. Encamped on a branch of the Snake river. The face of the country is rough. Crossed two creeks; in one there was a kind of artificial dam, off of which one of the mules slipped; he swam some time before he could be caught. Mr. Eells and Mr. Conner went into the water waist deep, unpacked him and raised him out. Soon we were met by a large party of Indians; one and another came up to our guides and shook hands, chatted awhile, then rode up on to the hill, gave a war whoop. The women and children immediately ran into the ravines; the men came to meet us when they found we were friendly and the women and children came back. Most of them wished to shake hands with us; we supposed there were in all from seventy-five to one hundred. They were well covered with skins, their horses were fine; they had a large number besides what they were riding. The chief and five of his men turned and rode with us into camp; we gave them some dried bread and meat, some powder and balls with which they appeared exceedingly pleased. As they were about to leave, the chief sent his compliments and said he was destitute of a shirt. Mr. Eells gave him one that he had worn; he put it on and appeared satisfied. About 2 o'clock they went off. A thunder shower.

Saturday, August 4th.—Rode seven hours, thirty miles; encamp on Snake river where there is plenty of grass for the animals on the Sabbath; crossed one creek; the soil sandy.

Sunday, August 5th.—Observed a season in prayer, singing and social conversation. Afternoon, Mr. Smith reads a sermon. Two men come from the Fort who will guide and act as interpreters to Boise.

Monday, August 6th.—Ride eight and a half hours, thirty-five miles. Encamped on Rock creek at noon and saw what we called a wild horse. At night an Indian called on us, enquired for the horse we saw at noon, said he had been lost a number of weeks; he gave us a dried salmon.

Tuesday, August 7th.—Rode six and one-half hours, twenty-five miles. encamped on the Snake river; passed Rock creek. This creek appears like a deep ravine walled in on both sides, the wall being from twenty to fifty feet high; in places, very perpendicular. The Snake river, for some distance before we reach our encampment, is in a deep channel, said to be four hundred or five hundred feet to the water. Nearly opposite to us is a large spring coming out of a perpendicular bank. At a distance, the water has the appearance of salt.

Wednesday, August 8th.—Rode three and one-half hours, twelve miles; encamped on the river and opposite a large spring which flows over the bank one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high; crossed two creeks; a dam, built by the Indians, across one to assist them in catching salmon.

Thursday, August 9th.—Rode eight hours, twenty-six miles; encamped on the Snake river; passed the Salmon Falls and several Indian lodges that were on the bank of the river, with some fifty or sixty Indians in them, most of whom were entirely naked, except a string or a bunch of willows tied around the middle; bought some salmon of them. Mr. Gray and wife ride on ahead of camp, takes a cross cut to where it is supposed the company will encamp; suppose it is about twelve miles. They do not take anything to eat, and have nothing but blankets and saddles for beds.

Friday, August 10th.—At noon, overtake Mr. Gray and wife. Rode six hours, twenty miles; encamped on the Snake river.

Saturday, August 11th.—Rode eight hours, twenty-five miles; encamped on Snake river. Crossed Oak creek, on which there were Indians. Mr. Rogers' horse fails.

Sunday, August 12th.—Stay in camp to-day; Indians about us most of the day; two came with Mr. Rogers' horse early this morning; said

they stayed with him all night for fear some one would take him off; gave them some meat, an awl and a fishhook. Am dissatified with my manner of spending the day. No public exercises to-day on account of the heat.

Monday, August 13th.—Rode ten hours, forty miles; encamped on Snake river. Early in the morning, crossed two creeks, after which we came to no more water until encamped. Left one old horse and one old mule because we could not drive them into camp.

Tuesday, August 14th.—Rode eight hours, twenty-five miles. Our horses feel the effects of yesterday; some of them do not get into camp for a long time, one does not get in at all; crossed two warm springs; encamp on the river; a number of Indian lodges on the banks.

Wednesday, August 15th.—The wolves prowl about us and howl most hideously. This morning, a number of naked Indians came to sell us dried salmon, and service berries made into cakes and baked in the sun. Rode seven hours, twenty-five miles; encamp on the river opposite Fort Boise; feasted with milk, butter, turnips, pumpkins and salmon. Mr. Gray and wife left here this morning, hoping to reach Dr. Whitman's in one week. Met a large company of Indians, some of them follow us to the Fort. Crossed one broad stream; stop here until Monday to recruit our animals.

Thursday, August 16th.—A little rain in the night. Wash a little. The gentlemen walk about the Fort to see the country; milk and plenty of vegetables to eat; heat oppressive.

Friday, August 17th.—Some of the gentlemen at the Post send us a piece of sturgeon for breakfast; take a ride in the boat; Mr. Payton and Capt. Sutter take tea with us. Our guide and interpreter go back to Fort Hall.

Saturday, August 18th.—A restless night; the dogs bark, the wolves prowl, the horses take fright and break loose, some of the men about the Fort have a spree, the wind blew our tent over, the Indians about are watching for an opportunity to take whatever they could get—all cause our sleep to be filled with anxiety and dreams. Prepare for the Sabbath and to leave on Monday. Messrs. Smith and Walker purchase some skins for pontoons.

Sunday, August 19th.—The natural sun rises on the evil and the good here as in other places, but how few know anything of our Spir-

itual Sun, or of the requirements. Mr. Smith reads a sermon, a few come to listen, but suppose most of the people here do not understand our language. Two Indians came from Fort Hall and will go with us to Dr. Whitman's. Mr. Payton sends another sturgeon.

Monday, August 20th.—Rode eight and one-half hours, thirty miles; encamped at the springs. In the morning, took the wrong road and traveled about one hour out of the way; very tired; feel that I have great reason to be thankful that my health has been spared thus far; crossed three creeks; the roads less mountainous, and it is said that we are across the Rocky Mountains.

Tuesday, August 21st.—This morning much rested. Awakened in the night by the cry of fire, which was set by some of the guard, and was running in the grass and near our tents. Moved at seven; rode four hours, noon, then rode eight hours, twenty miles; encamped on Burnt river. The grass and leaves begin to show that winter is approaching.

Wednesday, August 22nd.—Moved at seven; ride three hours, ten miles; encamp on Burnt river; one of the company sick, obliged to stop this afternoon; rode over long hills all the way, crossed three creeks; Indians come to us and want to sell berries.

Thursday, August 23d.—Prepare to move camp, find three of our good horses gone. After looking for and trackiug them some distance over almost impassible hills, come to the conclusion that they were driven off by the Indians who are all gone this morning. All are sad enough. Rode four and one-half hours, twelve miles; encamp on Burnt river; rode over long, long hills; crossed five creeks.

Friday, August 24th.—Rode seven hours, twenty-five miles; encamp at "Lone Tree," so called because it can be seen miles distant and no other tree in sight; crossed five creeks; meet an Indian three days from Dr. Whitman's, with an express, telling us of Mr. Gray and wife's arrival at his place, and wishing us to make all possible speed; Mr. S. was there and would wait until we came.

Saturday, August 25th.—Rode ten hours, forty miles; encamped on a creek as we came into Grand Ronde valley; crossed ten creeks; Mrs. Conner sick and Mr. C., Mr. Smith and wife stop with her and do not get into camp.

Sunday, August 26th.—Stay in camp to-day; a beautiful place. Two men go on because they think they will find better grass for their horses. About ten o'clock Messrs. S. and C. and wife came into camp; Mrs. C. brings an infant daughter; suppose she rode twenty-five miles yesterday, fifteen to-day. In the afternoon, Mr. Eells read a sermon from Deut. 29:29; one Nez Perce present. Feel that we are near Dr. Whitman's, but not where we shall find our location.

Monday, August 27th.—Rode twenty-five miles to-day; crossed six streams, camped on a large creek. In the morning, Mr. Rogers was thrown from his horse and hurt badly, but thought it not best to be bled. We move on; Mr. Rogers soon found that he would not be able to ride, being so faint; Mr. Eells overtakes us, got Mr. Smith to go back and bleed him; Mrs. S. and myself go back; the camp stops for Mr. R. to come up; Mr. S. bleeds him, but he can not ride; Mr. R. thinks he can ride and overtake the camp in three hours. It was then thought best that Mr. Rogers should stop. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Conner stop with him until he is able to ride.

Tuesday, August 28th.—Rode eight hours, twenty-five miles; encamped in the mountains at a beautiful spring. In the morning, the Indians came to ride a piece with us; pass an Indian village in a beautiful grove of pines, suppose there are fifteen or twenty lodges in it. The Blue Mountains are covered with pine timber; crossed five creeks.

Wednesday, August 29th.—Rode seven hours, thirty miles; arrived at Dr. Whitman's; met Mr. Spaulding and wife with Dr. W. and wife, anxiously awaiting our arrival. They all appear friendly and treat us with great hospitality. Dr. W.'s house is on the Walla Walla river, which flows into the Columbia river, and is about twenty-five miles east of Fort Walla Walla; it is built of adobe, (mud dried in the sun in the form of brick, only larger.) I can not describe its appearance as I can not compare it with anything I ever saw. There are doors and windows, but they are of the roughest kind; the boards being sawed by hand and put together by no carpenter, but by one who knew nothing about such work, as is evident from its appearance. There are a number of wheat, corn and potato fields about the house, besides a garden of melons and all kinds of vegetables common to a garden. There are no fences, there being no timber to make them of at this place. The furniture is very primitive. The bedsteads are boards

nailed to the side of the house, sink fashion, then some blankets and husks make the bed; but it is good compared with traveling accommodations. Mr. Gray and wife have gone to Walla Walla.

Thursday, August 30th.—Messrs. Smith, Conners, and Rogers arrive; Mr. Rogers is very tired. Mr. Gray and wife come back. All have a feast of melons. After our repast is over, the Indians are called together to have a meeting in their own language. Mr. Spaulding addresses them through an interpreter.

Friday, August 31st.—Settle with our hired help for services thus far on our journey. Have much talk about the prospects of the mission; hold a season of prayer for the guidance of all our future deliberations.

Saturday, September 1st.—After committing our cause to God, the missionary brethren proceed to do business. Voted, that there be but one new station; that Mr. Smith join Dr. Whitman's; that Mr. Gray, Mr. Spaulding, and Mr. Rogers, be hired to teach at Mr. Spaulding's station for the present, and that Messrs. Walker and Eells form a new station in the Flathead country. The reinforcement joins the Temperance Society.

Sunday, September 2d.—Have worship in English. The new members of the mission unite with the church already formed here, embracing seven members—in all, sixteen. Celebrate the Lord's Supper. Have one service in the native language.

THE END.

WILLIAM VAN BUSKIRK

Was born in Maryland, near the Pennsylvania line, June 6, 1789. His father's name was John, who came from Holland. His mother was of the same descent. He lived in Maryland until 1817, when he moved to Knox county, Ohio. In 1815 he taught school in Kentucky, where he married Miss Margaret I. Evans, of that state, but who was a native of Virginia. Lived in Ohio on the same farm he first made out of the woods. There was born to him eight children; six raised, namely: Sarah, born in Maryland; died in Amity, Oregon, February 11, 1853; left a husband. Elijah Whorten, had four children, one boy and three girls. John, born September 9, 1818; he married in Ohio to a Miss Sarah Henderson, of Ohio; he had four children; raised two; now the wives of John Henderson and Harry Jones, of the State of Oregon. John Van Buskirk made a farm in Yamhill county; lived on it until his death which was October 27, 1874.

Wm. Van Buskirk was a man that always stood high with his neighbors; was kept in the office of justice of the peace in Ohio for eighteen years in succession. He was a volunteer soldier under Harrison in the war of 1812. He died October 9, 1859, and in the Amity country. His family suffered extremely on the plains with sickness, ending in seven deaths before they arrived and one shortly afterward. He joined the Baptist church at the age of ninety-three, and was a staunch member of that denomination until his death.

Wm. Van Buskirk's mother's name was Mary Blackmore; his wife's mother's name was Barbary Andrew; his wife was a daughter of John Evans, of Virginia.

Joseph T. was born October 8, 1824; he married Sarah P. Eldrem, by whom he had three children. Joseph T., his wife, and two daughters, died crossing the plains, when nearing their journey's end. William, their son, now lives in Amity, Oregon. Andrew, born December 19, 1829, at Amity; died October 29, 1877, in Oregon. Elizabeth M., born October 25, 1829, married Thos. B. Henderson, in Ohio, February 17, 1848; have raised three children, two boys and one girl. Daniel was born August 29, 1833; married Miss Laura M. Brown, of Oregon, 1873.

Wm. Van Buskirk and family crossed the plains in 1852. His wife died on the road in the Blue mountains. In the spring of 1853 they took claims in Tillamook ; planted gardens, etc., preparing to move there. The frost was quite severe that year, so much so that it killed their vegetables, which discouraged them from going there with his family, so those claims were abandoned, and all took claims in Yamhill county, at the foot of the mountains.

ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON THE WHITMAN MATTER.

PORTLAND, OREGON, February 21, 1885.

The various contributions to the Whitman controversy which have appeared in the *Oregonian* from time to time, have been read with a great deal of interest. It seems, after all the chaff is sifted away, that the great point in dispute is whether Dr. Whitman visited Washington in the spring of 1843, or not. The following letter will supply another link in the chain of evidence bearing on that point. It is written by Dr. William C. McKay, of Pendleton, Oregon, who is a son of Thomas McKay of pioneer fame. Thomas McKay came out in the *Tonquin*, with Astor's unfortunate expedition, occupying the position of clerk for the Pacific Fur Company. His father, Alexander McKay, was one of the partners in that enterprise, and perished a few weeks after his arrival, at the time the *Tonquin's* crew were massacred on the coast of Vancouver island.

Thomas entered the employ of the Northwest Company, successor to the Pacific Fur Company, and later of the Hudson's Bay Company, when it absorbed its great rival, in 1821. He afterwards became an American citizen, and settled in the Willamette Valley. He commanded one of the volunteer companies in the Cayuse war. Dr. W. C. McKay was born at Astoria about 1824. His letter explains the other points necessary to show his value as a witness in this controversy. He related the facts several years ago, and this letter is in response to a request to put them in writing, made since the beginning of the controversy in the *Oregonian*.

PENDLETON, OREGON, January 30, 1885.

DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in complying with your request. I am always glad to do what I can to set Dr. Whitman right before the people. His only critics, it seems, are those who did not come here till long after his death, and the only persons who have the temerity to question his character or throw aspersions upon his motives are those who never saw nor heard of him while in the flesh.

Briefly stated, the facts are as follows: In 1838, my father decided to send me to Scotland to be educated, the intention being for me to cross the conti-

nent by the Manitoba route, in company with the regular Montreal express. My father was then in charge of Fort Hall, for the company. We started up the Columbia ahead of the express, for the purpose of visiting Dr. Whitman, at the Waiilatpu Mission, as the Doctor and my father were very warm friends. Here we were to separate, I to return to Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula) to join the express, and father to continue across the Blue mountains to Fort Hall. When Dr. Whitman learned what the plans were for my future, he protested, and earnestly urged father to send me to the United States and "make an American" of me. He said this country would certainly belong to the United States in a few years, and I would succeed better here if I was educated in the States, and became an American in thought and feeling. It was upon this urgent solicitation that father decided to send me to New York instead of Scotland, and place me in the same academy, at Fairfield, in which the Doctor himself had been educated. The Doctor even provided funds for my use there by giving me a draft on the missionary board which he represented, and taking from my father an equivalent in property needed at the mission. Consequently I accompanied my father to Fort Hall, and from there reached the States under the protection of trapping parties. In due time I reached Fairfield and was enrolled as a student. While there, the school was removed to Geneva, N. Y., for the purpose of securing a state appropriation, and nearly all the students accompanied it. I, however, being very much attached to a preceptor who had gone to Willoughby, Ohio, followed him, and remained there until my return to Oregon. I was at Willoughby in the spring of 1843, where, about the last of April or first of May, I received a letter from Dr. Whitman, dated at Washington, D. C., which was the first intimation I had received of his presence in the East. The letter was written some three or four weeks prior to the date upon which it reached me, since the Doctor was not aware of my change of residence. He had addressed it to Fairfield; from there it had been forwarded to Geneva, and again, from that place to Willoughby. The substance of the letter was, that he had come back upon urgent business; that he would come to see me if he could find time to do so, but that he had agreed to join the emigrants at Independence early in May, and must visit New York and Boston before doing so; that the mission was progressing finely, and a large number of emigrants were going that year. Later the same year I left my school, and returned home with the Montreal express. When the great freshet in the Willamette, about New Year's Day, 1853, swept away the old Abernethy store building, at Oregon

City, I lost my trunk, books, papers, etc., among which was this letter from Dr. Whitman. I would give a good deal if I had it now; but it is gone. It would be convincing evidence of his presence in Washington at that time, and so far as my word is to be relied upon, it is such evidence now.

Yours truly, W. C. McKay.

THE PIONEER PRINTING PRESS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Relic of Missionary Days—Sketch of the Old Press Formerly Used in Fort Lapwai.

The following, written on June 8, 1885, by Mr. Herbert Lang, at that time a well-known writer in Oregon, is placed in this volume for permanent preservation:

In the State House at Salem there is one of the most remarkable historical souvenirs that is in existence. Visitors to that building cannot have failed to notice the queer old printing press in one of the rooms in the third story — a dust-covered and worn machine, the relic of a bygone era in printing, and built in a time before men had learned to focalize the entire resources of their deepest ingenuity in furtherance of the art preservative. Its story is an interesting one, and trenches upon the history of Oregon in its most momentous days. I will narrate it as I have learned it through the medium of scattered newspaper scraps, men's recollections, and current tradition.

In very early days, before the colonization of Oregon had been dreamed of, and while its interior was only known to the world through the explorations of Lewis and Clarke, a ship departed from Boston bearing with her a party of Congregational missionaries on the way to the Sandwich islands to regenerate the degraded Kanakas. Among their stores they carried this identical old printing press, then, for aught I know, in a condition of brannewness and unstained by contact with the very roughest corners of a rough world. In 1819, the vessel entered the harbor of Honolulu, and the missionaries disembarked and began their chosen career of teaching religion to the unclothed and uncouth barbarians that the islanders then were; and their suc-

cess was very great. In the course of a generation the natives were all converted to Christianity, nominally at least, and the scenes of cannibalism and savagery which were frequent at the beginning of this century, exist now only in the recollections of the oldest inhabitants.

Of the part played in this drama of wholesale redemption by the old press, we can know little except by conjecture. But that it was extensive and important I have no doubt, for the education of the converts in all cases was made to keep pace with their moral improvement, and to-day the arts of reading and writing are general throughout the islands. In 1839, the needs of the missions having outgrown the capacity of the primitive press, a new and more extensive outfit was procured from the Eastern states, and the old press, with its original apparatus of type and inking rollers, and with a quantity of ink, paper, etc., the whole valued at $450, was, by its owners, the First Native church of Honolulu, presented to the then recently established missions of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, which were in the Territory of Oregon. These missions were three in number, and were located respectively at Waiilatpu, about twenty miles east of Fort Walla Walla; at Lapwai, on the Clearwater; and at Walker's Plains, a short distance south of Fort Colville. Dr. Marcus Whitman was in charge of the first-named post, which was in the country of the Walla Walla tribe of Indians; Rev. H. H. Spaulding directed the affairs of the second; and two clergymen, Revs. Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker, labored at the third. Each of these gentlemen was accompanied and assisted by his wife. It is the popular impression that Dr. Whitman was in chief authority over all the stations; but this is an error. The missionaries were in equal authority, and each had charge over the affairs of his own post.

The press, as I said, came in 1839. It was taken to Lapwai and there used to print portions of scripture, hymn books, etc., in the Nez Perce and Spokane-Flathead tongues. The effort to teach the savages the art of reading was quite successful; so much so that individuals of these tribes who sat under the missionaries' teachings still remember the lessons they then learned, and actually in some cases preserve the old and worn text-books from which they derived their knowledge of the Christian way of life. If now, after the lapse of forty years, these Nez Perces, Spokanes and other despised races, retain so much of these valuable lessons, does it require any further proof to show that they and presumably all other similar tribes are capable of civilization? It seems to me to be fully proved; for if the labor of one missionary among a whole tribe, and surrounded by such adverse circumstances as we

know to have existed then, accomplished so much, it is certain that a more methodic effort, longer sustained and strongly supported, could not fail to convert the wild aborigines into at least tolerable citizens.

I have in my possession a few specimens of the work done on the old press at Lapwai. There is the gospel of Matthew printed in book form, and very well printed, too. The Rev. Mr. Walker tried his "'prentice hand' on a translation of scripture into the Spokane-Flathead, and performed quite creditably, excepting for turned letters, etc. As for his spelling, it of course was subject to no rule, and followed no native Webster or Worcester.

When the press came to Oregon there came with it Edwin O. Hall, a Yankee typo of the wandering sort, but a very respectable man. He was accompanied by his wife, whose failing health in the islands had induced them to leave Honolulu. Hall did the work on the native books of which I have spoken, and was thus the pioneer of the art of printing in Oregon, and, except for one circumstance, in the whole of the United States west of the Rocky mountains. That circumstance is the fact that the earlier Mexican governors of California had a small American-made press at Monterey, their capital, upon which they printed their state documents and *pronunciamentos*. At the beginning of the war between Mexico and the United States, Commodore Stockton seized Monterey and put his chaplain ashore to act as alcalde, (police judge.) This chaplain-alcalde was named the Rev. Walter Colton, and one of his first official acts was to take possession of the press and begin to print a newspaper upon it. This was the *Californian*. This fact, however, has no bearing on the matter under discussion.

In the year 1840, Hall returned to the islands, and subsequently went to the Eastern states. I have notice of his having died a year or two since. After his departure several people in succession had charge of the old press, and turned out considerable printing in the way of Indian translations, etc. N. G. Foisy was compositor for some time. He died at French Prairie, Marion county, on June 11, 1879. When, on November 29, 1847, Dr. Whitman was foully murdered by recreants of the tribe he was trying so hard to christianize, the mission stations were abandoned, and after the close of the Cayuse war the printing materials were taken to the Tualatin plains in Washington county. Here the Rev. John Smith Griffin, one of the most magnanimous of men, and at the same time one of the most independent, established a newspaper, the second in Oregon, (the *Spectator* was the first,) named the *Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist*, and printed it upon the old

much-traveled press. The *Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist* did not long survive, and the press, superannuated and rusty, went out of use, and in 1860 was advertised for sale. A few years ago Mr. Griffin and Mrs. Spaulding, widow of the Rev. H. H. Spaulding, and herself a missionary of unsurpassed energy and fervor, having long since acquired title to it, presented the press to the State of Oregon to be retained in trust for the people. I leave it to whoever reads this sketch to say whether the gift is not a valuable and appropriate one.

STEPHEN JENKINS, OF EUGENE, OREGON.

Mr. Jenkins was born in Woodford county, Ky., June 5, 1821. At the age of nineteen he came westward to Missouri, and seven years later completed his journey across the continent by coming to Oregon. He is a man of great physical vigor, being five feet ten inches in height, and weighing some 185 pounds; is of strictly American stock, of a Virginia family, both grandfathers having served in the American army during the American war, and his mother's father being at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The reasons impelling him to come to Oregon, arose out of the hard times prevailing, unhealthfulness of the region where he lived, and the broken condition of his parent's affairs. He gathered his information from a man who had been in California, and from his wife's uncle Richardson, who had come in 1843.

In the company to which he belonged, there were some fifteen wagons, some three or four hundred in the entire train. At Fort Hall they turned off into the southern route, with Jesse and Lindsay Applegate. They were harassed by the Indians burning off the grass in front of their line of March, and by some annoying but not serious attacks. An adventure of some importance to Jenkins, was being lost in the timber of the Siskiyou mountains, with but one companion, Goodhue, who was a man that had been deranged, and still showed mental weakness. Becoming here completely bewildered, he insisted upon going south instead of north. As Goodhue claimed to know the way, Jenkins was at first much perplexed, but at length overbore the other. Coming on to the Umpqua, he and another companion, Jones, were hospitably entertained by Quarterly, a Klickitat chief, who roasted for them some bears' feet. Jones was a pioneer of 1843, who had come out with the Applegates to meet the emigration. With him, on his place at the Rickreal, Jenkins wintered. After reaching this point he returned as far as Oakland to help out Campbell and another man stalled in the mud. It was a sea of mud throughout the whole upper Willamette and Umpqua, and their horses — Jones and Jackson were of the relief corps — often foundered. About a month was consumed in this humane expedition.

In 1846 he took up a claim near Coburg. In 1850, he was married to Miss Sarah Brown, an immigrant of 1848, and settled on a beautiful place, twelve miles west of Eugene city, on Coyote creek, a point on the old California trail, but ten miles from any other settlement. One of the cares of life here was to keep the coals, fire not being an easy thing to obtain if lost.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins have been born seven children: Ianonia, S. R., Nancy, Lucy Vernon, John V., Stephen A. Douglas (deceased), Dorcas C. (deceased).

WESLEY SHANNON, OF EUGENE, OREGON.

Mr. Shannon, now a leading citizen of Eugene, was born in Union county, Indiana, in 1820. He was educated in Indiana, and in Illinois near Galesburg, and was reared on a farm. To Pennsylvania he traces his ancestry this side of the Atlantic.

By reading Linn's speeches and his bills, his attention was directed toward Oregon. With two other young unmarried men, Davis Shannon and Henry Warden, the journey hither was performed. These youths were all fine men, being in point of physique large and powerful, five feet nine inches being Wesley Shannon's height; weight, 160 pounds; six feet, and weight 190 pounds being Davis Shannon's dimensions; and five feet ten inches by 180 pounds, Warden's. Their outfit was an ox-team, three yoke of cattle, a pony, and a rifle apiece, each of which was the "best." They started from Knox county, Illinois, on March 31, 1845.

No trouble was experienced on the plains. At Whitman's they remained one night, and were told by him of his adventures; how on one occasion he crossed the Snake river on floating ice. He says of Whitman and his wife, "They were both very clever." He says that he could go anywhere, knowing how always to get a horse, and to talk Indian. By him the young men were told of some whale boats about to go down the Columbia, and in these they found passage. They had the boat carried around the Dalles, but shot the Cascades. At Vancouver they were greeted by McLoughlin—"tall, large, educated, smart, and shrewd"—and were invited to go by bateau to Linnton.

From this place, looking for a place to settle, he went over the hills to Joe Meek's, making the tramp alone, with a gun on his shoulder, and staid the first night with Peter Burnett. He remembers Burnett as an affable man, of easy and agreeable manners, "a smart fellow, a fine lawyer, fine looking," of average height in person, and weighing about 160 pounds. He recollects the occasion of Burnett coming to Oregon, which was that he was owing his wife's brother a considerable sum of money, and becoming embarrassed finan-

cially, was unable to meet the obligation. He asked time, and said if he could go to Oregon he would honor his note. How well his confidence in himself and Oregon — particularly California gold-dust — was vindicated, is well known.

Mr. Shannon continued his journey up the Willamette to Marion county, and there farmed 160 acres of land for David Leslie. There he learned to split rails out of fir trees.

Upon the outbreak of the Cayuse war, he went to the scene of hostility, but being attached to the ordnance department and sent back for ammunition, he saw no fighting. He describes this set-to with the savages as no war, but a chase. At The Dalles he witnessed the killing of Jackson and Packwood, who incautiously went out to secure a horse, discovered at a little distance. It proved a decoy, having been staked at this place by the Indians for the very purpose of leading some of the soldiers into ambush. With Colonel Gilliam, Mr. Shannon was familiar, and describes him as a man of remarkably fine physique, being about six feet in height, of broad and solid frame, with heavy and conspicuous bones. In the Florida war he had earned military honors, and was possessed with much natural intelligence and wit, improved by experience, though in conversation he murdered the king's English.

Mr. Shannon settled, after the war, upon Howell's prairie, nine miles from Salem. He removed to Eugene in 1872. He was married in 1847 to Elizabeth Simmons.

ABRAM S. PATTERSON, OF EUGENE, OREGON.

Mr. Patterson, a pioneer merchant, and still a leading name in mercantile circles at Eugene, was born in Dearborn county, Indiana, in 1824. His early life was spent upon his father's farm, and received his education at the common school. By his paternal ancestry, he is of Scotch-Irish blood; by his mother's, English. His earliest business ventures were in milling and farming. By general information, and through his brother-in-law, Joseph L. Brumley, who had visited Oregon, he decided to make his future home in Oregon.

In a company numbering ten persons, with three wagons, three yoke of oxen, some twenty cows, six horses, and a horse wagon, and two extra saddles, the crossing of the plains was performed. April 19, 1853, was the date of starting, and to St. Joe the trip was by steamboat.

At the Malheur river, on the Meek route, the company was lost, the only subsistence being beef, their own cattle killed as they failed through dearth and exhaustion. On the desert there was much suffering for water, none to be obtained except as carried. The way into the Willamette valley by Diamond Peak was finally found and traversed. In the company was Thomas Smith, with two wagons, and Samuel Graham and Theo. Newman.

Mr. Patterson engaged at once in business at Eugene, steamboating, warehousing, trading, etc., having been for almost forty years a leading merchant of the place, known alike for enterprise, sagacity, and probity. For seventeen years he was postmaster, his incumbency ceasing under the administration of President Cleveland.

JAMES HUDDLESTON, OF EUGENE, OR.

Mr. Huddleston was born in Fayette county, West Virginia, October 15, 1842. He is six feet in height (in boots), weight 240 pounds, of active temperament, powerful, and in his early life much of a foot runner, a capable horseman, and strong at lifting weights. He was educated at the common school. His first independent work was as a boatman on the Kanawha river. He also learned the business of milling, both lumber and grist. His parents were from Bedford, in Virginia, but removed to West Virginia in 1818; his ancestry remotely was English, but early removed to Virginia. Stories of the hunt in the early days were still told, Huddleston recalling the narration by his grandfather Montgomery of a bear hunt together with another man, with the understanding that the one who killed the most was to have all the hides. Montgomery killed twenty-four, the other twenty-three.

In 1853, Huddleston was induced by Captain A. P. Ankeny to come to California, under pay of fifteen dollars a month. All expenses of the trip were to be defrayed by Ankeny, and in return Huddleston was to pay Ankeny half of his earnings for the first year.

The journey was begun March 22, 1850, with three others, Wm. Dempsy, Joseph Hill, and Calvin Mentania, the latter a brother-in-law of Ankeny; by skiff to Charleston, and by steamer to Cincinnati; two weeks were spent at that city procuring an outfit—two wagons, kettles, frying pans, tent, supply of crackers, sugar, etc., and five gallons of good whisky for medicinal purposes. The trip to St. Louis was a week's steamboat ride. The steamer was crowded with men bound for the mines, "hundreds of them." At St. Louis the cattle, four yoke, and a pony for the use of Mrs. Ankeny and her sister, Wyoming Mentania, were bought. About the middle of April they begun the trip on the prairie, with warm, bright weather, but grass so short as to necessitate the use of meal to keep the oxen in strength. On the road there was an army of miners, as many as two thousand camping at a time in one place. About the fifth day out they were robbed at night, camping on the Platte, by the Pawnees, of every hoof; but by Ankeny and Dempsy, who went without gun, pistol, or knife, to the Indian camp, the animals were recovered; though, in

the mean time, their own camp was visited by forty or fifty Indians with the evident intention of depredation. But by holding up his loaded musket, Huddleston stood them off.

To the Green river, the journey required twenty-three days, mostly performed at night, as oxen will travel further when not oppressed by the heat of the sun. At this river they found a ferry, operated by a man named Miles. He charged ten dollars for crossing a wagon. He had a boat brought out from the East, which was light and narrow, and in order to sustain a wagon required to be lightered by two logs lashed alongside. This man now, however, wanted to return to California, where he had been in 1848, and he could take out fifty dollars a day. The ferry he offered to sell for $300, and would reluctantly part with a broadaxe and whipsaw for $150. Thinking this a good opening, Huddleston concluded to buy the ferry, and finding material at an island in the river, constructed two more ferry-boats, ten feet wide by thirty long. Reducing ferryage to five dallars per wagon, and a dollar a head for such loose stock as needed ferryage, the company soon had a great business; sometimes as many as two hundred wagons were waiting to be crossed. A system of registering had to be followed in order to avoid confusion. Huddleston alone made upon one day sixty-seven trips.

By the first of August they had $11,500 to divide, and now decided to sell. Gathering their oxen, which had been fattening on the island, they continued their journey to California. On the route thither they found the grass gone, and dead oxen testified to the peril of the way. At Bear river, the California road looked so forbidding and destitute of forage, that they decided to turn off to Oregon, and reached Portland just six months from starting.

Wintering at Portland, Huddleston improved the time by building a wharf-boat, 124 x 24 feet, which was moored for a time at the foot of Washington street. This he soon sold for $700.

In April, of 1851, he went to Yreka, Cal., and with an Irishman and a Frenchman, began working an old claim, but found it up-hill work. Falling sick, and becoming discouraged over his claim, which seemed to "peter out" completely, he disposed of it, or was forced to let it go, for sixteen dollars.

The others, holding on, and finally cutting through the slate, found gold below in layers, and from the claim took out thirty thousand dollars. But in this fortune Huddleston did not participate.

Returning to Oregon, he made a short stay at Lafayette, but on the Fourth of July was at the cabin of Eugene Skinner. Liking the locality, and finding the best of land open to settlement, he occupied the place just west of the present city, upon a part of which he resides. He was the third to settle at Eugene.